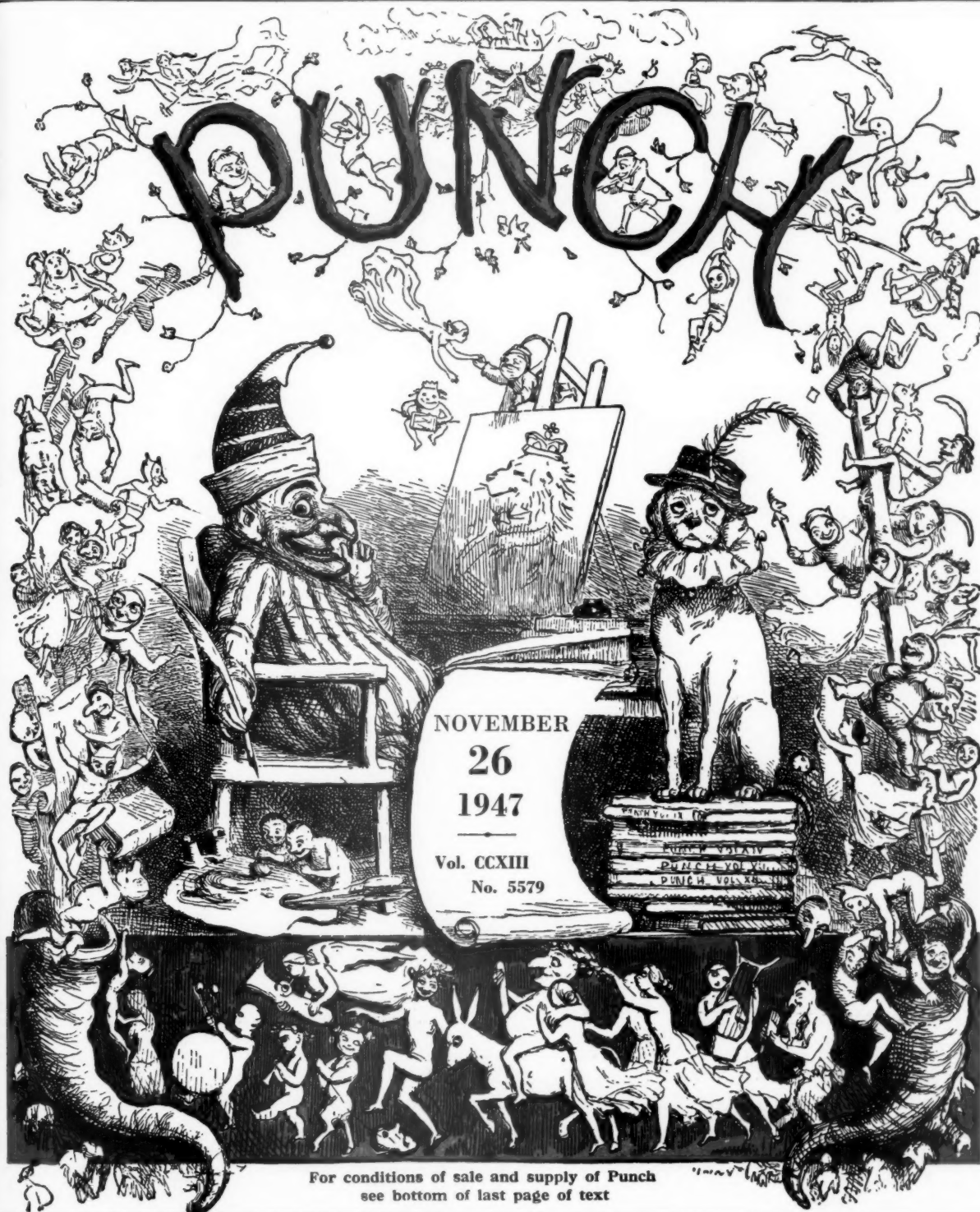


# Huntley & Palmers *the first name you think of in* Biscuits



TO BE SURE OF PLEASURE—  
say *Player's* Please





## Number Seven

### BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

*The MODERN way to Loveliness*

FOUNDATION LOTION • FOUNDATION CREAM • COMPLEXION MILK  
CLEANSING CREAM • SKIN TONIC • FACE POWDER

Obtainable only from branches of

**Boots**  
The Chemists

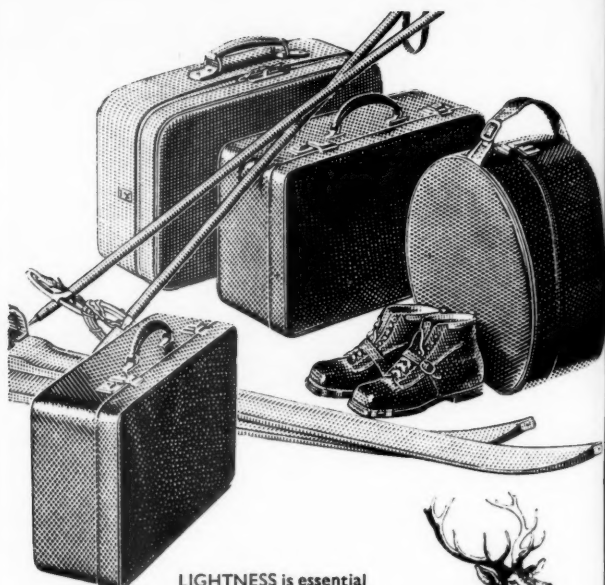


Be sure your BEAVER LAMB coat carries this label

Look for this Tescan label in the Beaver Lamb coat of your choice. It is a vindication of your good taste, a guarantee that only the very finest matched skins have been used — beautifully lustrous skins, soft to the touch and of remarkable long-wearing qualities. Remember, only the better Beaver Lamb skins carry the Tescan label.



Tescan Limited, Royal Oak Works, 1/5, Lamb Walk, Bermondsey, London, S.E.1. Cables: Colfurdy, London. Telephone: Hop 1845



LIGHTNESS is essential in travel goods—and Antler has always led in this respect—but to combine it with strength takes the skill and experience of Antler workmanship. Unmistakable, too, is the beauty of line, finish and quality of Antler travel goods; yet you'll be surprised how inexpensive they can be.

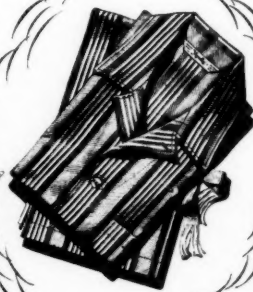


**ANTLER**

*The most distinguished name in Travel Goods*

J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM

## Mirage in the Man's Shop



"Good heavens!" exclaimed the customer, "what is that I see floating through the air — so handsome, so colourful, so desirable?" "Oh, that, Sir?" said the outfitter, "That's a mirage."

"But, great coupons!" cried the fascinated customer, "those are 'Viyella' Pyjamas! Look at that engaging pattern! Look at that distinctive design! Why, I can almost feel that unmistakable 'Viyella' texture! It can't be a mirage — it must be real!"

"It can, and it mustn't," replied the outfitter sadly. "Because you see, there are no 'Viyella' Pyjamas yet. The mirage which has so moved you,

Sir, is one which is becoming increasingly common among gentlemen who yearn sincerely for the return of 'Viyella'. It is diagnosed as Wishful Thought-Projection." "And is there no cure for it?" "Only the reappearance of 'Viyella' said the outfitter, wistfully.

**Viyella**

PYJAMAS • SPORTS SHIRTS • SOCKS

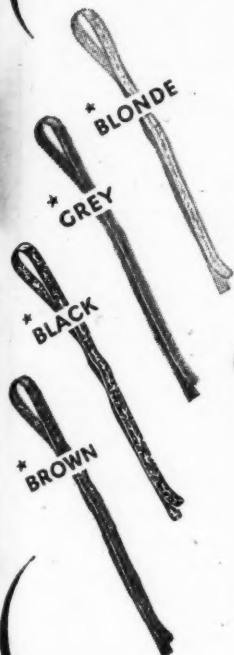
When we can make them again your retailer will be the first to tell you.



# Hair Grips that

*tone*

with your hair



All the newest hair-styles demand the unique Blend-Rite Grips which are as nearly invisible as can be—with the texture and tone of hair. They grip and never slip, with the all-day-long security of highly tempered spring steel.

## Blend-Rite

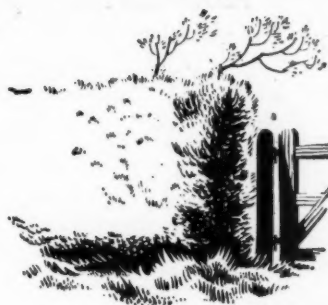
TEXTURE-FINISHED HAIR-TONED  
**HAIR GRIPS**

Brit. Pat. No. 425446

Neweys make fastenings for all the world—for the hair, for clothing, corsets, leather goods, furnishings, for nearly everything that fastens. Hooks & Eyes, Snap Fasteners, Pins, Clasps, Buckles—If it Fastens, Neweys make it.

**NEWHEY BROTHERS LTD.**  
BREALEY ST; BIRMINGHAM

**What has a hedge  
to do with my vest?**



Twigs and leaves create intricate "tunnels" through which air has difficulty in passing. Your wool underwear has a similarly intricate structure. This regulates the flow of air and protects the body from rapid changes of temperature which often causes chills.

★ Reason No. 6 *why*

**There is NO substitute for  
Wool**

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat

T.3



*Handsome is and  
handsome does  
—that's the*

**GAS** idea!

The new gas cookers make you a better cook because they are so easy to use—and a prouder housewife because they are so attractive to look at.



BRITISH GAS COUNCIL | GROSVENOR PLACE LONDON SW1



**Mrs. P. DEE says—  
YOUR cooking and  
my QUALITY  
will always please  
the Family**

Ask for  
**PEARCE DUFF'S  
CUSTARD POWDER**

PEARCE DUFF & CO. LTD., SPA RD., LONDON, S.E.16

*Established for a hundred years*

**BAKING POWDER • JELLIES • BLANCMANGE POWDER**



Australia

Belgium

Canada

France

Holland

New Zealand

South Africa

South America

Etc.

**'Fourneau Esse  
à accumulation  
de chaleur'**



... means 'ESSE heat storage cooker' in France and other French speaking countries, and signifies the modern cooker with the low fuel cost — valued equally at home and overseas.

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY  
(Prop.: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854)  
Head Office & Works: Bonnybridge, Scotland.  
Advisory Department: 46, Davies St., London, W.1.

**ESSE**



start chic stay chic



The word "Trubenised" is a registered Trade Mark, owned by Trubenised Ltd. It distinguishes fused semi-stiff articles made by leading manufacturers and processed according to the instructions and under the control of Trubenised Ltd.

T.B.W.3

**ULTRA RADIO**



T.401 (A.C.) in colour  
Price £15.15.0  
Purchase Tax £5.1.8

ULTRA ELECTRIC LTD., SALES DEPT., 62 BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, S.W.1

U9J



SINCE 1840

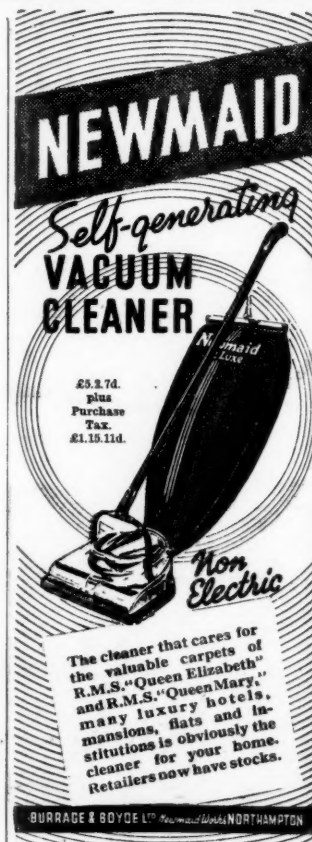
**Farrah's  
ORIGINAL  
HARROGATE  
TOFFEE**

**THE FAME  
OF FARRAHS**

For well over a century Farrah's has been the first choice for thousands of discriminating "sweet-tooths." It is as delicious to-day as ever.

From high-class confectioners, or by post, enclosing Personal Points page, which will be returned. 4/- for 1 lb.

JOHN FARRAH AND HARROGATE TOFFEE LTD., HARROGATE



A simple method of general disinfection is to add one table-spoonful of Jeyes' to every gallon of water used for cleaning. It disinfects as it cleans.

**JEYES' FLUID**

THE GUARANTEED GERMICIDE

JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS COMPANY LTD., LONDON, E.11





## Something *VERY* good ★ FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY

Newcastle is famed for more than Ships and Coal. HINDHAUGHS SELF-RAISING FLOUR is another worthy product of the vigorous North, ranking high among those wares which give to Tyneside its good repute.

### NOW AVAILABLE IN THE SOUTH

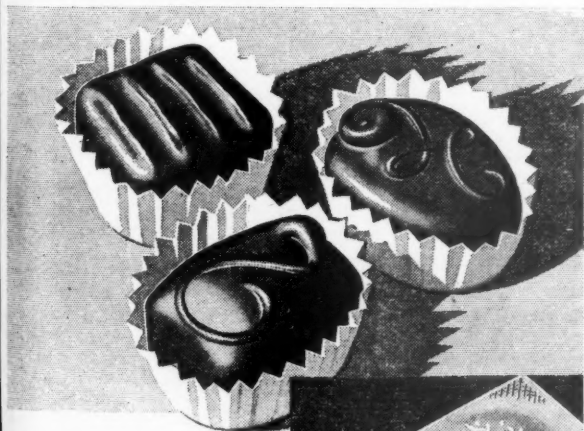
In the manner of most things good, its fame has travelled. Proudful home-bakers of the South may now obtain supplies in 1, 3 & 6lb. bags from HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

# HINDHAUGHS

*Self raising* FLOUR

Issued by Hindhaughs Ltd., 38, Cloth Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1  
P.61

Here is your *Fortune*  
my pretty maid!...



'Close-up' of velvety Monte-limart, luscious Strawberry Cream, and smooth sweet Caramel, three of Fortune's favourites—delicious and enticing.



## CALEY



When you crunch Ryvita, your reward is twofold. Ryvita's crispness quickens your appetite, the glands of your mouth and your digestion. Its delicious flavour puts new enjoyment

into whatever you eat with it.

Rarely is health promoted in a more delightful way.

*Fine, thanks!*

I eat crisp  
crunchy RYVITA  
as my daily bread



## RYVITA

Famous for  
fine Quality



AND  
FRESH FRUIT JAMS  
BY  
*Crosbie's*

Smee

Warm classrooms,  
chilly playgrounds,  
and plenty of  
colds about ...



a sensible mother  
starts their day with  
a MILTON gargle

**STOP THAT  
COLD WITH  
VAPEX**  
INHALANT

Breathe the pleasant, fragrant vapour  
from your handkerchief  
Of Chemists 2/6

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

**SPECIAL  
LATHER FOR  
SENSITIVE  
SKIN**

**Cuticura**  
SHAVING STICK



Anzora Viola  
contains tonic oils  
especially useful for  
dry scalp.  
Anzora Cream is  
for greasy scalps.

*That well-groomed  
look!*

The secret of good grooming  
lies in attention to detail.  
Anzora Cream and Viola will  
take care of the most import-  
ant detail—the mastery of your  
hair. Daily use ensures day-  
long neatness, freshness and the  
confidence that comes from  
a well-groomed appearance.

**ANZORA**  
MASTERS THE HAIR

ANZORA PERFUMERY COMPANY LTD., 145, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4



### After-Sales Service

We cherish every item of Brookhirst equipment during  
its whole long life; we never lose interest in it. Plant  
which left our works many years ago, though some of  
it has changed hands several times since, is still given  
our attention. It is our pride that Brookhirst Control  
Gear should never let you down, however old it may  
have grown in service.

Our coloured etchings of Old Chester are again available for  
responsible executives who care to write for them.

**BROOKHIRST**

**BROOKHIRST SWITCHGEAR LTD.  
CHESTER**



Made from carefully  
selected Bruyere root, the  
"FOURSOME" has always  
appealed especially to the dis-  
criminating smoker. We look  
forward with him to the day  
when these excellent Briar Pipes  
will again be in normal supply.

The Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co. Ltd.,

Newcastle upon Tyne

Lewis sets the standard in Bulb culture

**Lewis**  
"First-Class" **BULBS**

**TULIPS (Darwin)** Argo, golden yellow,  
mottled red; **Tancombe Sanders**, brick  
red; **Madame Krelage**, bright, lilac-rose;  
**Orange King**, deep orange; all at 4/6 per  
doz., per 100, 32/6. **Clara Butt**, clear pink;  
**Indiscombe Yellow**, glossy canary yellow;  
per doz. 4/-; per 100, 30/- **SPECIAL**  
**OFFER: Lewis First-Class Mixture**,  
including single earlies, Darwin and May-  
flowering, per doz. 4/6; per 100, 32/6.

**DAFFODILS: King Alfred**, the King of  
Daffodils, golden yellow; **Magnificence**,  
golden yellow, very early flowering, per doz.  
6/-; per 100, 45/-.

**NARCISSI, Cheerfulness**, creamy white  
and yellow, double centre, per doz. 5/-;  
per 100, 35/-.

**MUSCARI, (Grape Hyacinths)**, heavenly  
blue, per doz. 1/6, per 100, 9/6.

**ANEMONES, De Caen and St. Brigid**,  
mixed per doz. 1/6; per 100, 10/6.

All carriage paid. Also send for Autumn  
Catalogue listing 150 varieties.

**LOWIS (SEEDS) LTD., 76 Boston, Lincs.**

### SPA HOTEL, BUXTON

In the heart of the glorious Peak district

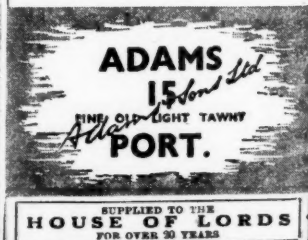
Fully licensed; Excellent Cuisine and  
Service; Spacious Lounges; Billiards;  
Resident Orchestra; 150 Bedrooms; Lifts  
to all floors; Adjoining Natural and  
Thermal Baths. The ideal rendezvous  
for a week-end or prolonged holiday.

\*Phone: Buxton 1261. \*Grams: Comfortable, Buxton



**Proved  
Reputation**

*Always the  
choice of connoisseurs*



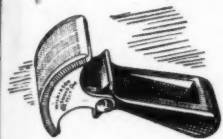
# It's so easy . . .

*This new way in shaving*



Just press the Wilkinson Dry Shave Razor against the beard and then rock it firmly to and fro. (A horizontal rocking movement usually gives the best results.)

As you rock it move the Razor steadily over the face against the grain of the beard. You can tell the way the grain runs by rubbing the beard with the tips of the fingers. A few minutes' practice and you'll get the idea.



**No new blades—No lather  
No electricity**

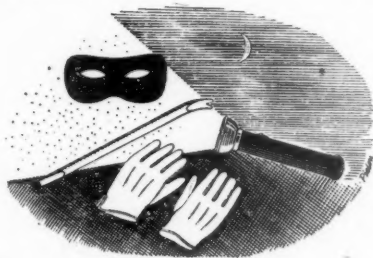
PRICE **43/8** (INC. PUR. TAX).

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

**Wilkinson  
Dry Shave  
Razor**  
Established 1772

The Wilkinson Sword Co. Ltd.  
53, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.  
Factory:  
Oakley Works, Acton, W.4

These are the tools of his trade

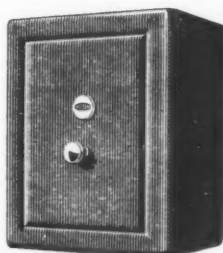


## What are your weapons of defence?

The thief reaps where carelessness has sown. You can give him every opportunity. Or you can choose modern methods of defence that will guard your most valuable possessions.

And fire is your other enemy. More swift, more terrible than the night intruder. If you have money, valuables, essential records and documents in your office, your factory, warehouse or shop, make plans for security now.

Ask Chatwood for advice. For many years they have been makers of equipment that defies the searching fingers of fire and thief. They supply the Chatwood "Duplex" Safe, Fireproof Safe Cabinets and Fireproof Filing Cabinets that bring security and peace of mind. Write today for particulars.



*The Chatwood "Duplex" Safe,  
for the Small Trader, Branch  
Shops and Private Householders.  
Secure against fire, fall and thief.*

**CHATWOOD**

THE CHATWOOD SAFE & ENGINEERING CO. LTD., SHREWSBURY

## ROLEX the wrist-watch connoisseurs choose

The Rolex Oyster, first permanently waterproof and dustproof watch in the world, is again on sale in Great Britain. Tested in wartime by men of the Allied Forces on every front, and, in peacetime, by sportsmen in every climate, the Oyster is a handsome blend of elegance and technical perfection. Another coveted arrival, the Tudor Oyster, which carries the Rolex label of guarantee, is the ideal choice for those who want a truly modern watch at a more moderate price.

Both the Oyster watches and the limited range of non-waterproofed Rolex and Tudor models are scarce; but connoisseurs of fine watches know they are worth waiting for. Rolex craftsmen created, as well as the Oyster, the first wrist-chronomètre; the first waterproof and self-winding watch; and the first calendar wrist-watch—none of these models yet available in England.



**ROLEX**

WRIST CHRONOMÈTRES

Obtainable at leading jewellers only

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. WILSDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR)

## This happened to him

Four days after taking out a 'Heritage' Policy he was killed in an accident. The policy was left to his widow who received an initial payment of £100. For twenty years £3 a week will be paid and then a final payment of £900; in all, £4,120.

*The 'Heritage Endowment' Policy protects the future of the family by making available*

**FOR YOURSELF**  
If you live 20 years  
£1,000 with bonuses  
added.

**FOR YOUR FAMILY**  
£100 Cash at death together with  
Bonuses.  
£3 a week for the remainder of the  
20 years, and  
£900 Cash at the end of 20 years from  
the date of the policy.

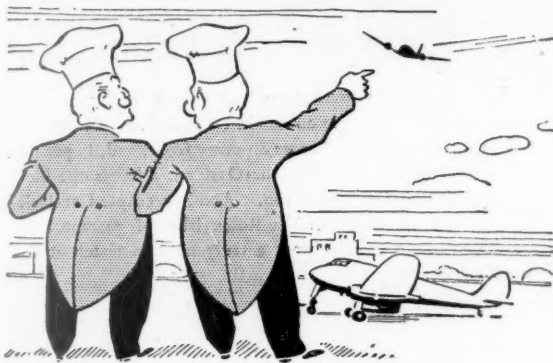
Fill in and post this coupon today  
To THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.  
Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1

I desire full particulars of your 'Heritage Endowment' Policy.

Name..... Date of Birth.....  
Address.....



MR. PEEK &amp; MR. FREAN



In talking of flying one shouldn't forget  
That Radar was British and so was the Jet.  
In crispbread, of course, it's exactly the same,  
With Vita-Weat *quite* the most eminent name.

(Wizard show, in fact!)

By Appointment  
Peck Frean & Co. Ltd.,  
Biscuits & Vita-Weat  
Crispbread Manufacturers

Vita-Weat

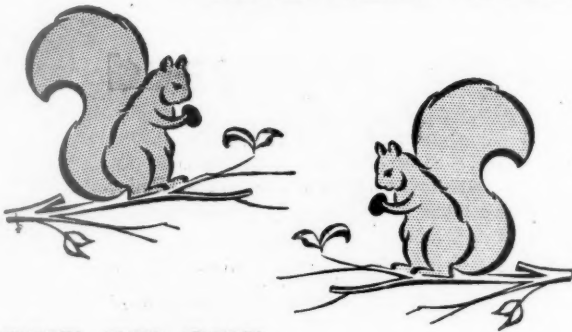
THE CRISPREAD THAT IS ALL WHEAT



"Why do they always have fires at elevenses?"



## BACK THEY COME



### ONE BY ONE



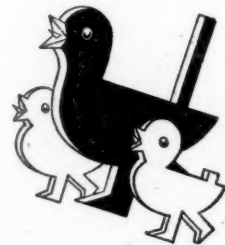
In these changing times a housewife cannot lay in stocks of food as does the squirrel. But by seeking Heinz appetising favourites at her regular retailer, she can introduce that much needed variety.

## HEINZ 57 VARIETIES

ALREADY ABOUT: Baked Beans, Spaghetti, Salad Cream, Mayonnaise, Soups, Sandwich Spread, Pickles, Vinegar, Olives, Vegetable Salad, and Strained Foods for Babies.

## BIRD'S CUSTARD

*Best known -  
best liked*



BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES



OR

## The London Charivari

Vol. CCXIII No. 5579

November 26 1947

### Charivaria

THE Russians claim to have exploded their first atom bomb. Reports so far indicate that the Iron Curtain is still intact.

"One's welcome to a dinner-guest nowadays has to be tempered with an apology for the food offered," remarks a hostess. Very often it's a case of hail, fellow—whale meat.



"... Here, standing on its lip, the cliff fell away at our feet into a cauldron of billowing silver."

*Sunday paper.*

Served it right.

An Essex clergyman announces in his parish magazine that an apple fifteen inches round was grown in the rectory garden. Small boys of the neighbourhood should accept this, the only intimation, that the harvest has been safely gathered in.

Chefs of the future will cook with heat generated by atomic energy. Their speciality will probably be fission chips.

"LACK OF CONTROLS SENDS ROOT VEGETABLES SOARING."

*Headline in the "Daily Worker."*

Did somebody cut their basic?

"Buy Yuletide gifts now," urges an advertisement. In fact it's a good idea to make the presentations well in advance of the festive season so that everybody can do their Christmas swopping early.



"The Government is definitely relying on the people," claimed a Minister recently. So much for the theory that it was merely re-sitting on them.

"On the sodden greens their approach pitched past the pin, sat down and then, as a rabbit temporarily stunned, scuttled back, often 15 feet, towards its hole before lying dead."—*Daily paper.*  
Odd creatures, rabbits...

A doctor mentions that in his young days nobody thought about slimming and dieting. That was in the days when people ate nothing but food.

Model haulage lorries with a real log attached are on sale in the toy-shops. Taking it by and large, however, it is a little cheaper to buy direct from a fuel merchant.



Traditionalists will be glad to hear that now the drought is over Manchester may be regarded as being officially reconstituted.

"Although there were showers in all districts yesterday, most of the day was sunny and in all areas it was fine."

*Weather report in daily paper.*

Just the sort of day forecasters like.

There are signs that the general public are becoming somewhat indifferent to labour disputes. Recent bus strikes left them completely unmoved.



## Love on the Control of Engagement Order

THE other day I heard something that made me tremble with indignation—the story of a new and gigantic bottle-neck in one of our lightest industries. I refer of course to the ugly rumours concerning that section of the book trade which deals with the social and industrial novel. Production is said to be at a standstill.

If these rumours are true then Britain is in grave danger of losing a most profitable corner of her export trade. In the old days, when our chief economic malady was mass unemployment rather than “misemployment” (a new but self-explanatory economic term), the nation derived some material compensation for the shocking waste of her productive resources through the sale of literature and film scripts dealing with ever-present social evils. Ten or fifteen years ago every novelist was *Love-on-the-Dole*-ing it and earning useful dollars as hard as he could go. Nobody would pretend, I hope, that this was an ideal system of hitting an export target. But it *did* work. The natural laws of supply and demand are crude, unjust and inequitable, but they do bring home some bacon to some people.

Now, what is the position to-day? Why is it that thousands of unfinished novels are piling up to create one of the worst bottle-necks in the history of fiction? I will tell you—it is because nobody knows how over-employment or misemployment will work out, because nobody feels capable of building up that atmosphere of hopeless despair and squalor which is indispensable to the third and subsequent chapters of the social and industrial novel. Admittedly this is difficult under present-day conditions. The chimneys of the giant mills no longer stand smokeless like so many grim monuments to Decay and Dereliction. There are no pathetic groups of men squatting on their haunches at street-corners, no interminable queues at the Labour Exchange.

But the situation is not as bad as it seems—for the novelist I mean, of course. Let us remove the mask of respectability from the face of the New Economic Order, examine the psychological implications of over-employment and misemployment and consider the following passage from a best-seller of (say) 1960—

Mrs. Transome busied herself once more with the tea-things, moving the milk-jug and salt-cellar uselessly and repeatedly.

“Why, mother, whatever’s the matter wi’ thee. Tha’s nowt but a bundle o’ nerves!”

An immense tear-drop rolled down Mrs. Transome’s thin cheek to the table, narrowly missing the meringues.

“Tis thee faither, Sheila love,” she said. “He’s that miserable.”

“I’m none feelin’ too bright meself, mother.”

“But ’tis worse for thee faither, lassie. Proper upset he is, an’ no wonder, what with all this over-employment everywhere. They’re terrible times we live in an’ no mistake.”

“Mother . . . I’ve got summat t’ tell thee . . .”

Sheila’s voice was low and troubled. Mrs. Transome shot her daughter a quick look and shuddered.

“Come on, out wi’ it! Is it that Fred Urquhart?”

“No, mother, ’tis nowt to do wi’ Fred. ’Tis . . . well, I’ve chucked me job.”

“Tha’st what! Finished wi’ solicitor Benson? ’As tha taken leave of thee senses, lass? This means direction, tha knows! Tha’lt be in big mill afore week’s out.”

“But there’ll be summat to choose from, mum. When Rosie Hearnshaw packed up at Food Office they gave her a choice of t’ mill an’ t’ land army.”

“Tha must’ve gone mad! To chuck up . . . Hush, ’ere’s thee faither . . . not a word to him or tha neck’s as good nor broken . . . ’Ulllo, Jim lad . . . why, what ails thee? Tha looks fair wore out!”

Mr. Transome threw his gloves at the couch, swallowed a scalding cup of tea and studied the table.

“Steak again! Fair turns me stomach.”

“I’ll get thee some eggs ’n’ bacon, lad.”

“Why canna we ’ave t’ hot-pot?”

“Theer’s no nourishment in t’ hot-pot, Jim, an’ well tha knows it.”

Mr. Transome groaned.

“What’s t’ trouble, Jim?”

“I’m—I’m workin’ again!”

“Workin’? But ’twas only yesterday tha finished wi’ Brittin No. 3 Pit!”

“Ah, they’ve put me bricklayin’—Howlson’s estate, to-morrow mornin’.”

The floor swayed under Mrs. Transome’s feet. Her man at work again! Would this dreadful over-employment never cease? Could she do nothing but stand by and watch it sap his self-respect and manliness . . . day after day? No sooner was he out of one job than he was in another. There was no

respite. Without incentives, sanctions and a bit of healthy competition a man was no better than an automaton. Why struggle to keep fit, clean, tidy and respectable when every interview ended the same way? This appointments-board was a farce. They just took one look at a chap and he was taken on—with his card stamped and his overalls washed free of charge. The same old story! If only . . . Oh, but what was the use!

Mrs. Transome lit a cigarette to steady herself.

“Never thee mind, Jim lad. Get out thee pools and ’ave a do. They allus ’elp thee win back self-respect. Go on, lad—I’ll join thee . . .”

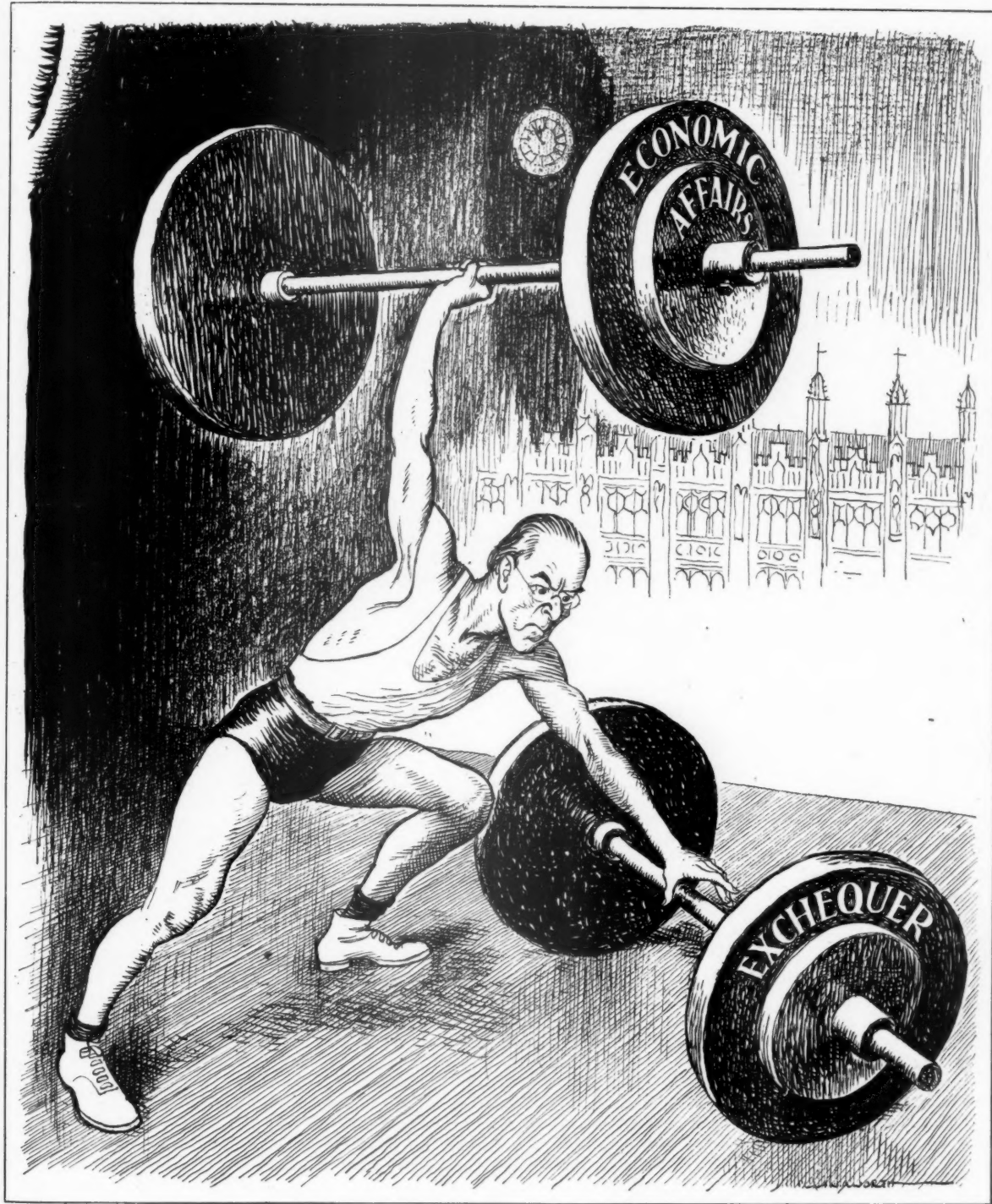
That should be enough, I think, to prove my point. There is as much scope as ever there was for the good old best-selling documentary—provided of course that you convert the atmosphere in the manner I have indicated. We still have a message for the world. And we can have over-employment and a flourishing trade in social and industrial fiction. So get out your old manuscripts and work as you never worked before. The export markets are wide open. HOD.

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

THE “Peter Rabbit” Christmas Cards, which have proved so popular with *Punch* readers in past years, are this year on sale in shops. The Invalid Children’s Aid Association will again benefit, as the publishers are generously giving a royalty on every card sold; this royalty will continue until the National Health Act, 1946, comes into force. The I.C.A. Association regret that they are no longer able to sell cards direct. They ask us to pass on their warm thanks to all those who have helped them by buying cards in the past, and their hope that these faithful friends will continue their support by obtaining their cards through the shops.

The Grenfell Association, too, is again issuing an attractive series of cards in aid of its welfare work among the British settlers in Labrador and Northern Newfoundland. Funds are badly needed to enable the Association to keep up its medical and social services in these remote sub-arctic regions. An illustrated leaflet (price 1d.), showing the cards offered this year, can be had from the Secretary, The Grenfell Association, 66 Victoria Street, S.W.1, from whom the cards themselves (at prices up to 1s. each) may also be obtained.





THE TURN OF THE STRONG MAN

## No Trouble at Nice

**F**RANKLY, I can't say I enjoyed staying at Nice. For one thing, I was given a taste of the mistral, and rain scattered the shoppers and sent policemen on point duty running for shelter. For another thing, the town was crowded with ten thousand gymnasts plus wives and families, who completely upset catering arrangements and irritated the English by marching the streets in packs, singing hearty songs. But in my short stay abroad I certainly saw some excellent dogs.

There were apple-headed bull-terriers down the Avenue de la Victoire, with bat ears, wide-set eyes and the cringing backs they have developed through being carried for generations in poachers' pockets.

There were square-headed toy "bouledogues" and agile red griffons in the Albert Gardens, tucked under the arms of elderly women in horizontal-striped sweaters and curious short trousers that stopped half-way down the leg. There were poodles, poms and butterfly dogs, spaniels, pekes and chows, all on leads, and all potential if not actual winners of silver cups.

British breeds are popular just now in France. Smooth-haired terriers, known as "*le petit fox*," are usually called Billee or Bobbee, whilst dour-faced Scotties with piercing black eyes and tartan collars answer to names such as Sandy, Mac, and Jock.

Three brindled Scotties fastened to one lead were sitting outside the Westminster Hotel on the Night of Folly. They were huddled together like disapproving old men, watching the nodding heads and grotesque figures in the carnival. They put up with the brass band of the local gendarmerie a few yards away, but when the procession ended and crowds surged ankle deep in confetti and the man on the mike shouted "*Eteindez les lumières*," and the fireworks shot up and exploded with deafening bursts, the three dogs set up such a yapping and whining that their mistress swept them angrily inside.

There was an engaging poodle called Kiki living at my *pension*. Although she belonged to the proprietor she took orders only from the cook. She used to meet him at the "*Arrêt Autobus*" every morning and waited outside Bar O'Gust while he fortified himself for the day with a spirit of astonishing

potency called Suze, distilled from gentians.

She had a long but not snipy muzzle, almond eyes, forelegs set straight from the shoulder and sprightly arched toes. One-third of her body was clipped and she had a tuft of curls at the tip of her tail. But her temper was uncertain when the mistral upset her, and she played havoc with the guests.

Poodles have been used as gun-dogs for over four hundred years. Dürer drew one in 1500 and Rembrandt too painted a portrait of himself with a "*chien caniche*." The clipping and shaving is done for commonsense reasons, in preparation for the hot weather of August and September, and also to assist the dogs in swimming after duck, when a heavy sodden coat would be a disadvantage. Not that Kiki did



much duck-retrieving. She lay all day under the orange-trees, dividing her attention between the tame rabbit and the rats that nested in the roots of the palm-trees.

On my last afternoon in Nice I was wandering along the Promenade des Anglais, wondering how I could pass the day without cashing another travellers' cheque. Aimlessly I passed the Ruhl Hotel and turned up Rue Halevy. In front of me I read the words "*The Dog's Shop*."

It was a dogs' hairdressers. I stood in the doorway trying to translate the list of charges, and received such a smile from a sturdy blonde combing the back legs of a spaniel that I stepped inside.

The spaniel was standing on a table obviously enjoying his grooming. But the girl was taking no chances. Before she brushed the sensitive area round his tail she slipped an elastic band round his mouth.

Another woman was shampooing a schipperke in a marble bath. Queer dogs, these. Dutch barge dogs originally, they climb over furniture and balance on the backs of sofas. Another girl was turning an electric hand-drier over a damp sealyham. She didn't lift him down as I would have done, grasped round the belly—she slipped a hand under his throat and an arm round his body and swung him on to the floor.

A fourth individual, with short hair, raffia sandals, trousers and a white smock, whose sex I failed to establish, had just finished shaving a poodle and was adding a touch of brilliantine to the curly poll on his forehead, before sending him off with kidneys exposed to the mistral.

I inquired if I could watch operations and they would have given me a seat if the two arm-chairs had not been occupied by dogs. Five animals were waiting in the queue, ranging in size from a pekinese on a red cushion to a retriever who was scratching himself in a very plebeian manner. Their expressions were those of a row of men at the barbers—resigned, but watching proceedings with interest.

A wire-haired terrier had come in to be stripped. He leaped on to the table and stood as still as a statue. The blonde girl began by trimming down the skull and working to the back of the head, using thumb and forefinger. Then she went along the cheek bones and down the neck, getting the hair really short at the throat. The dog gave full co-operation. He was evidently a regular customer.

"If the hair is ready to be shed it does not hurt at all," said the girl. "One must pull in the direction of growth." She worked slowly and patiently, chattering softly to the terrier in French. I noticed that she did not ask him to turn, she walked round him instead.

In trimming the back and shoulders she used a trimming comb and a blunt knife. She took special care with the fore-legs, making them appear dead straight, and she tidied up the quarters but did not touch underneath. Trimming the edges of the ears, she used small scissors. Whiskers and eye-brows she squared off level and used scissors again to cut away the coarse hair near the pads of the feet. Knowing what was coming, the dog lifted each paw in readiness.



"By the way, the Inland Revenue people may quibble a bit about this 'five thousand pounds ransom to kidnappers' item unless you can produce receipts."

To finish him off, she rubbed in whitening, brushing an extra allowance into the beard, then she wiped his coloured patches with a damp rag, sprayed him with brilliantine and polished him up with a silk handkerchief.

A wrinkled old woman arrived to take him away. She put on an act for the dog's benefit, closing her eyes and exclaiming in mock surprise at his smart appearance. He posed for a few seconds, feeling pretty good, fancying himself not a little. He waltzed round so that she could appreciate the plus-fours hanging from his thighs. He allowed the girl to tie on an overall to keep his coat clean, and went mincing down the steps into the street.

The blonde girl saw me laughing.

"They don't like it if one jeers at them," she said. "Think of it. To stand so long on the table and then be greeted with ridicule instead of applause. You yourself would be disappointed. Believe me, Monsieur, I have known dogs to lie down on the floor and whine with misery."

I apologized, bought a powder for my own Jack Russell back home, and they all said "Au revoir." The time had passed quickly.

Yes, I shall remember my last holiday abroad. Not for the wonderful food—I couldn't afford it. Not for the glorious sun—it was hotter in England. Not even for the pretty girls who stalked around in astonishing stages of undress.

It is the dogs that I shall remember, the pedigree animals who trotted proudly along the pavements at the heels of the best people, taking their owners out for exercise.

### Notice to Cooks

THE soup is coming back with complaints. This may largely be due to stock, and Mr. Tingle says that bad as this is, we can use a little more discretion with what we have not got, to make it go further than it will without looking as if it has gone beyond what it should. Pepper is a case in point, as a careless use of this has been known to cause a waiter to blow the precious portion out of the plate and have to stand there while the customer called him all sorts of fools. Noodles are another, as they make a

mess of the bills when picked up accidentally by the waiter in mistake for the pencil stub he so often has to look for. A little more care might also be taken down below in sorting out the reclaimed noodles from the pencils. These being indelible it is not advisable to keep them near anything wet till wanted again.

Not far removed from the soup is the custard, and this ought to be, as it is so easy to slip the wrong spoon in to save washing-up. The rumour going round that we get the custard powder by dark means from friends in the outdoor advertising trade is not helping matters, as we cannot use what we cannot get, and it is not fair that all the imagination should have to come from the customer on whom we all depend. He has been in this week again, and it is obviously getting more difficult for him to smile when we give him your message that you have prepared things specially for him. Please make an extra effort in Christmas week when he brings his diet club down, as there is no knowing who is an inspector these days.

J. TINGLE,  
Managing Caterer.



## At the Pictures

### Monsieur Verdoux—An Ideal Husband—Tobacco Road

THE possibility that you have waited to see what was said on this page about CHARLIE CHAPLIN's *Monsieur Verdoux* before making up your mind about it one way or the other is exceedingly remote; but for what they

murder essentially serious I can only say "That's too bad."

"Old-fashioned" is, indeed, a word one can apply to certain other things about *Monsieur Verdoux*. A new departure for Mr. CHAPLIN personally,

the principal character is nevertheless the typical conventional stage Frenchman, down to the crooked little finger and the "Oh, là là"; and some of the interior scenes have that dark, flat, crowded, artificial look one associates with the short comedies of thirty years ago. Perhaps nobody but CHARLIE CHAPLIN could make all these points seem finicking and irrelevant.



J.H.D.

[Monsieur Verdoux]

#### A SEDATIVE FOR ANNABELLA

Henri Verdoux . . . . . CHARLIE CHAPLIN  
Annabella Bonheur . . . . . MARTHA RAYE

are worth, here are my opinions. I think the film is the usual rag-bag of slapstick and showing-off and sentimentousness, but I found myself laughing quite often at it, and I think most other people too will find plenty to laugh at. Mr. CHAPLIN is undoubtedly a great man, even though he is not precisely the sort of great man he believes he is. As a philosophical thinker, for example, he is on a rather simple and obvious level, and the minutes devoted here to speeches in which he sums up the ills of the world and tells it what it should do will not be enthralling to people who reached similar conclusions almost as soon as they were old enough to argue. Once the idea on which the story is based has been stated—the idea that in a world that accepts organized killing on a huge scale, a mild little character with a mere habit of wife-murder feels entitled to pass unnoticed—one is in a position to do without having it explained. But I am making too much of these didactic passages; they are unimportant beside the long stretches of good, old-fashioned, perfectly timed, unbeatable slapstick farce. To those who find themselves unable to laugh at CHARLIE's scene in a boat with MARTHA RAYE because they consider the spectacle of attempted

not been kept small and neat. The film gives the impression of being a great sprawling diffuse heap of embroidery held together by the delicate but very rigid framework of WILDE's old-style "strong" theatrical plot; and compactness of one kind and another would have been (I thought) a gain. But now I am not so sure. I don't think that anyone could say this isn't entertaining and often extremely attractive to the eye; the Korda method was probably the right one after all. The mannered, empty, irresponsible, beautifully-turned epigrams make their effect unfailingly even on a new audience unaccustomed to noticing the way words are put together; and the rich, brightly-coloured (Technicolor) scenes of high life in 1895 are not mere bunches of period detail but show evidence, congested as they are, of

having been composed. There are smaller scenes too of considerable charm—notably the picture of the lamplit bedroom, with dusk outside the open windows. As for the players, MICHAEL WILDING is probably happiest in his part (*Lord Goring*); for the other principals, apart from CONSTANCE COLLIER and Sir AUBREY SMITH, are under the preposterous necessity of advancing the plot, and cannot devote themselves entirely to light conversation. It's a miscellaneously interesting, cheerful piece; and I give it a good mark for only once seeking (in a reference to the eightpenny income-tax) to rouse an easy "period" giggle.

Laugh unthinkingly if you like at *Tobacco Road* (Director: JOHN FORD); the details of the makeshift, primitive life of "poor whites" in the South of the U.S. have often been used in comedy, and it is hard at first to remember that in grim fact such circumstances exist. This picture, which has for some reason been on ice since 1941, is very well worth seeing in its own right, though many of you will want to see it out of sheer curiosity.

R. M.

My first feeling about *An Ideal Husband* (Director: ALEXANDER KORDA)

was that it was a pity that the effects had not been kept small and neat. The film gives the impression of being a great sprawling diffuse heap of embroidery held together by the delicate but very rigid framework of WILDE's old-style "strong" theatrical plot; and compactness of one kind and another would have been (I thought) a gain. But now I am not so sure. I don't think that anyone could say this isn't entertaining and often extremely attractive to the eye; the Korda method was probably the right one after all. The mannered, empty, irresponsible, beautifully-turned epigrams make their effect unfailingly even on a new audience unaccustomed to noticing the way words are put together; and the rich, brightly-coloured (Technicolor) scenes of high life in 1895 are not mere bunches of period detail but show evidence, congested as they are, of



J.H.DOWD

[An Ideal Husband]

#### DAD'S BLESSING

Mabel Chiltern . . . . . GLYNIS JOHNS  
The Earl of Caversham . . . . . SIR AUBREY SMITH  
Lord Goring . . . . . MICHAEL WILDING

## Nunc est Ludendum.

**I** TAKE a fairly magnanimous view of humanity. There are exceptions of course, Albert being one of them, but on the whole I like to give it the benefit of the doubt.

Only the other day I met him emerging from a small provision shop. I knew he was up to something by the secretive way his moustache contracted when he saw me. He pulled his bowler down and hurried off with long stealthy strides, like a panther with boots on. I decided to investigate.

"I ain't coming," shouted the proprietor as soon as I entered. "So it's no good you asking!"

I gave him a pretty cold stare. His attempt to hide his agitation by shuffling a number of bacon slices and dealing four hands on the counter would not have deceived a child.

"I don't follow you," I said.

"I know what you're after by that 'orrible gleam in your eye," he said. "I don't want no Cripps parties."

"You mean Sir Stafford's idea about having games of all kinds in the evenings?" I asked, nodding understandingly.

"Yes. Half me customers have been queueing up this morning to give me little invitation-cards, and all the time they was throwing out hints about the food shortage."

"Is that why Albert came in?"

"Yes. He's getting up a social, and he gave me a list of what he's short of at the same time."

"I'll speak to him about it," I said. "Most undignified."

"I don't know what the women are coming to," he shouted. "I'm sick of 'em coming in here bobbing and curtseying. It's revolting."

"It must be very difficult. That's a remarkably fine piece of cheese you have there. An odd bit left over, no doubt?"

"No, it ain't," he said. "Look at the milkman next door! He hasn't finished his round yet—he keeps on getting dragged in to parties. He's nearly lost his barrer twice!"

"At our age," I observed, casually holding an egg up to the light, "we need quiet relaxation."

"That's what I say."

"An intimate, yet select circle, such as that over which I preside at the Blue Duck Inn, devoted to calm discussion and the things of the mind. We never see you there."

"Nobody ain't asked me before," he said, taking the egg and mounting it in a little glass case. "I've heard of

you of course. We can hear you talking all down the road."

I took him by the shoulder and brushed some egg powder from his lapel. He clasped his hands with pleasure.

"Join us," I said. "Our fare is frugal of course, but hunger sharpens the intellect."

"P'raps I could bring something along with me," he said.

"As you wish," I replied. "Use your discretion. You will be just as welcome if you come empty-handed. The grosser things of life count little with us."

"I could bring this bit of cheese," he said thoughtfully.

"Certainly. Then there's butter, eggs, bacon and so on. Shall we say to-night?"

"Righto," he beamed. "It'll be a treat to be out of the way of all these 'ere parties and games."

"Quite," I said, shaking hands warmly. "I'm glad we had this little chat. Mutual understanding and so forth, you know. Sugar is a problem, too. Until to-night, then."

Outside I found Albert dancing about with impatience, but I was in too good a humour to resent his habit of making a point by drumming on my chest with his forefinger.

"What 'ave you been up to?" he demanded.

"I have persuaded the grocer to join us in the Blue Duck Inn to-night," I said, smiling loftily.

"You're a bloomin' marvel," he said, with a radiant smile. "I tried to get the milkman, but he's too upset to listen. P'raps you could persuade 'im."



"Who started this canard about optimism being facile?"

509

"All in good time," I replied. "I think we ought to drink a health to Sir Stafford Cripps to-night. I might make a short speech on the subject, and work in a welcome to the grocer."

"Is he bringing any food along with him?"

"Albert," I exclaimed coldly, "you have a low, vulgar mind!"

## Art in Lincoln's Inn Fields

**S**IR JOHN SOANE'S Museum, 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, which has been closed since 1940, is happily again open to the public, and may be visited on any day of the week—except Sundays and Mondays—between 10 and 5 o'clock.

Sir John Soane, R.A., Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy and architect of the Bank of England, died a little more than a hundred years ago. One of Lawrence's last portraits depicts the mingled refinement and shrewdness of Soane's features, and these qualities are reflected in the architect's collection of paintings, drawings, models and numerous other objects of art which fill every room of the early Victorian house. Opposite the Lawrence portrait in the dining-room is hung Reynolds's well-known painting called "The Snake in the Grass"—but more valuable even than these pictures is the fine collection of Hogarths in a neighbouring room. There, dominating all else, is "The Rake's Progress," that famous series of eight tableaux which represents the decline of an eighteenth-century spiv and his ultimate direction to a madhouse. In the sparkling vivacity of its portraiture "The Rake's Progress" reveals the high-water mark of Hogarth's satirical art, and if the Museum contained nothing else it would still reward a visit. But elsewhere in the room, besides another Hogarth series of "The Election," there are two stately views of Venice, by Canaletto, a masterly drawing of a dog by Rubens, and an exquisite little Ruysdael.

It is impossible of course to appreciate a collection of over two thousand objects of art unless one has the leisure to return again and again, but I would recommend an hour or two of rapid point-to-point hunting. Let me suggest that the first point be "The Rake's Progress," and the last the souvenir of Wren's progress—his walking stick, enshrined in a case in the drawing-room.

N. A. D. W.



"I said, if you don't mind we'll just put you down as a 'Don't know'."

## The Fox

JOGGING along this late-November lane out of the hunt—and half-content to be so—suddenly—I like this more than sleet-cold rain, this darkening afternoon, pitched in a key so depressing that the trick seems overdone and makes one murmur "Come! Cheer up, old son!"

Somewhere in front was that a faint "'loo! 'loo!'"? A whimpering hound, or but the wind's weak blusters? There, *that's* the horn—they're having good clean fun, the lucky, and the knowing, and the thrusters.

Well, let them rip, old lady, we'll jog on: yes, prick your ears—this morning you were frisky enough. We grow no younger with the years.

I wish I hadn't finished off that whisky . . .  
I wish I hadn't said those sandwiches were filled with saddle-soap, not processed cheese . . .

Eight years ago we'd . . .  
never mind! I like the rutted lane, the rain, the dark-grey day. How black the whitethorns are which edge that dyke: time they were laid . . .  
Was that the "Gone away!"?  
Told you he'd make a point for Hanger Hill . . .  
Buck up, old girl!  
We'll roll 'im over still.

R. C. S.

## H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

THIS Belle-Lettre is an impartial discussion of Fish. The world is divided into those whose mouths water when fish is on the menu and those who eat it only as a substitute for meat. I am strongly on the side of the latter. A few years ago, as I once told my readers, I was a convinced fish-eater, but now my tastes have refined and settled into judgments. The only fish I should eat willingly would be lobsters and sardines; both take a good deal of getting at and arouse an appetite. Oysters, prawns, crayfish and erab make good runners-up and I should not spurn them, but they would not distract me from conversation. People who claim to be keen and knowledgeable supporters of fish, it should be noticed, rarely eat it plain. You get them praising some fish and, before you know where they are, it is to the trimmings that they are nailing their colours. Sauces, breadcrumbs, stuffing, anything but the fish-flesh itself is what such epicures praise.

Those whose main interest is catching the fish personally, instead of having it caught for them by specialists, seem to feel bound to praise the flavour of their catch, though I don't know why; fox-hunters do not feel it necessary to bandy recipes for *renard au gratin*. Apparently, if you have spent hours clumping about in rivers looking for pike or grayling you feel bound to hold any prey toothsome to justify your expenditure of time. But what do fishermen eat when they are unobserved, what do they have in their sandwiches? Cold trout? Minced salmon? I doubt it. If they contain anything fishy at all it is more likely to be bloater-paste, and no angler spends his holidays in pursuit of bloater, which is more the affair of the mass-producer than of the craftsman.

The bones in fish are different from the bones in meat, because you usually take the meat away from the bones but you take the bone away from the fish, and then rarely in full. Fish-bones are much more numerous and much less well arranged than the bones which were such a standby in A.R.P. A fish vet. would have a terrible time passing his examinations. If you are really good of course a few swift flicks pile the bones along the side of the plate and leave the fish still looking coherent and recognizable; but this is not a widely diffused skill. It is a real, high test of manipulation. They ought to give children fish-eating as handwork in school; it would occur far more frequently in their adult lives than lino-cutting.

I have always been puzzled by the definition of indefiniteness which goes "Neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring." Now they are trying to make whales fit in, but





"I thought so—no bottom to it."

not very successfully. People still feel as if the Gulf Stream had abandoned them when they find themselves eating whale. Another strange remark, reverend rather than comprehensible, is the one about there being as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Who can possibly know this, except perhaps a diver with a taste for piscatology and a distaste for cutting up wrecks? Whichever of our ancestors first thought of the remark was plumb crazy and not an ancestor of whom we can be really proud.

I shall not give instructions on how to catch fish as this has already been done by a writer called I. Walton, who produced a text-book which is only beaten by the work of Euclid for steady sales through the centuries. Such writers as Hall and Knight or B. Kennedy are simply nowhere compared with I. Walton. On deep-sea fishing there is nothing quite so authoritative. The beginner would be well advised to write to the Public Library at Grimsby for a book list, unless he knows any trawlers personally, when they would no doubt make him free of the libraries on their vessels, these men being of a notably friendly and helpful disposition. I will, however, before leaving the subject, give one good hint, and this is: always remember to put a hook on your line. Anglers who forget to do this are probably unconscious fish-haters and feel that the less they catch the less they will have to eat, but they can't expect to retain the respect and admiration of other anglers. The best way to remember is to tie a knot in your line.

I will now give a few recipes from my wife's cookery book, an autograph album in which she copies instructions for making various dainties, such instructions being given to her by friends at female clubs, strangers on buses, writers in the Press and even Government Departments, they being always anxious to rebut the accusation that all they can cook is tea.

#### POISSONS CHOISIS

Put side by side on a dish several sardines, a cooked fillet of sole, a whelk, a soft herring roe, a hard herring roe and, as a decorative centre-piece, a goldfish. In summer, line the dish with lettuce. In winter, choose a dish with a good, warm pattern in red.

#### MOCK RABBIT

Cook some skate and serve with the kind of trimming you would expect with rabbit. It is wonderful what imagination will do.

#### OLLA PODRIDA MARINA

This tasty dish can be easily knocked up while Madam is dummy at bridge or is waiting to get a long-distance call to her *couturière* at South Shields. Take of halibut, bream and mackerel equal parts. Discard portions likely to be hard to eat. Pound in mortar till well blended. Beat in the whites of eggs, the yolks of eggs and an egg-cup of butter. Add flour and rum to taste. Steam lightly, stirring hard all the time; this will prevent over-cooking as Madam's wrist will soon tire. Leave in a cool place to cool. Serve with small balls made by soaking bread in water and kneading until round and dense.

#### FISH PUDDING

The recipe for this will obviously depend on what kind of pudding you are aiming at. If you intend a trifle you would not start in the same way as if you were aiming at a roly-poly. Probably the best thing to do is to make a pudding out of the cookery book, and where the recipe says jam put fish.

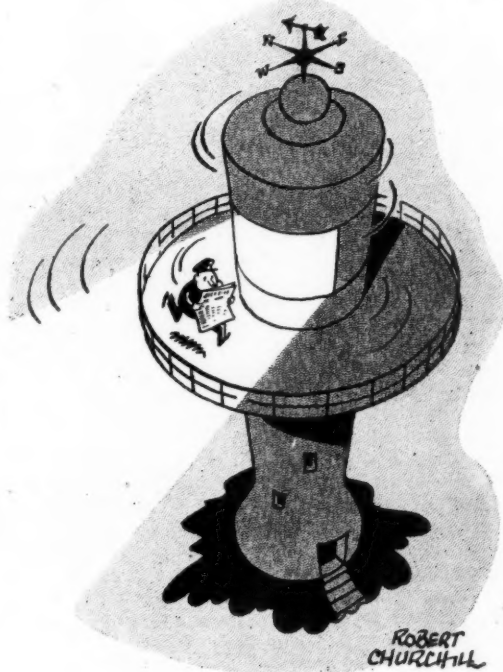
#### On a Certain Critic

This Critic, when he finds himself afloat  
On those dark waves that earth from hell divide,  
Will murmur "What an execrable boat!  
And surely Charon has misjudged the tide!"

#### Strong Lead from the West Country

"The suggestion by Sodbury Rural Savings Committee that the current £1 and 10s. Treasury notes should be withdrawn and replaced by a limited new issue has caused a stir among black marketeers and currency speculators in England and Paris."

"Bristol Evening Post."





*"If you ask me, it's not so much 'Lend a 'and on the land' as 'Let's 'ave a turn at the wheel.'"*

### Period Piece

**A** LOOKING-GLASS. Observe it well.  
Its age I don't pretend to tell.  
The connoisseur, I gather,  
Refers it to the far-off day  
Of good Queen Anne (demised) which may  
Or mayn't be blather.

But old it is, and trim, and neat,  
A thing you'd find it hard to beat  
Alike for use and orn'ment,  
Long loved of woman, or I err,  
For its artistic spell and her  
Private adornment.

What charms have been reflected here  
For many and many a rolling year,  
What wealth of forms and features,  
From dark to fair, from plump to thin,  
What large assortment of what in-  
teresting creatures.

Th' eternal change of woman's wear,  
The mysteries of heads of hair,  
The secrecies of make-up,  
In pondering such the thoughtful mind  
Can but experience a kind  
Of darkling shake-up.

To-day its age-long pride is o'er.  
It takes and gives again no more  
The lovely and the cutie,  
It only shows (no matter whose)  
A lone male mug which none would choose,  
Wot well, for beauty.

But there is still a ray of hope.  
Though limited just now in scope,  
Before much time has gone it  
May reassume its former lot;  
My adolescent daughter's got  
Her eye upon it. **DUM-DUM.**



THE IRON SICKLE



**MONDAY, November 17th.**—The producer of the most colossal, fast-moving epics of Hollywood could not expect events to move more swiftly than they do in real life at Westminster nowadays.

Last Wednesday Mr. HUGH DALTON, Chancellor of the Exchequer, laid before the House of Commons the details of his emergency Budget, chief object of which was to "mop up" surplus spending power and thus prevent the creation of the inflationary spiral.

Next day, as these pages have already recorded, Mr. DALTON announced that he had been responsible for a leakage of his own Budget secrets. And later that night he resigned from the Cabinet, giving place to Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS.

So it was that the House had the unprecedented experience of one Chancellor presenting a Budget, another taking charge of the debate on it which immediately followed. The two Chancellors had a link in the person of Mr. WILL GLENVIL HALL, the Financial Secretary, whose grip of details must have been of great aid to Sir STAFFORD.

It was not a very exciting debate, if truth must out. Sir JOHN ANDERSON poured cold water over the Budget, declaring it to be "trifling" with important affairs, and most of the other speakers praised it with faint damns too.

When it came to Mr. PETER THORNEYCROFT's turn he heated the cold water a little and put a modicum of steam into the proceedings. His case was that the Chancellor's plans were inadequate and that they might just as well have been left locked up in the little red box that Gladstone used to use.

But Sir STAFFORD was kinder to the foundling that had appeared so unexpectedly on his doorstep, and told the House, in effect, that it was a nice little thing, with endearing manners and every prospect of growing up to be a useful citizen. He loved it as his own. A trifling operation for the removal of the cycle and tricycle tax would make the little darling simply perfect. And that operation would be performed.

Before the Budget was reached Mr. CHURCHILL had asked for the Government's views on his demand for a Select Committee to inquire into the Dalton affair. He was told by Mr. ATTLEE that the Government would not resist the proposal—but Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, sitting a few seats away from the Premier, made it

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done:

**Monday, November 17th.**—House of Commons: New Chancellor—Same Budget.

**Tuesday, November 18th.**—House of Commons: A Royal Message.

**Wednesday, November 19th.**—House of Commons: A Matter of Direction.

**Thursday, November 20th.**—House of Commons: A Counter Attraction.

pretty plain that *he* would. Mr. ATTLEE backed the horse both ways by declaring (a) that there was no need for an inquiry and (b) that there would be one.

There, for the moment, the matter was left.

**TUESDAY, November 18th.**—When questions were over, Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS rose from the Treasury Bench and stalked off to the Bar—the Bar of the House of course.



### Impressions of Parliamentarians

22. Mr. J. W. Bolcher

(Yorkshire, W. Riding; Sowerby)

Parliamentary Secretary to Board of Trade

There, just as Members were wondering if he had left the Bench in a huff, he turned smartly about and stood to attention. A moment later, Mr. Speaker called on him, and, with a bow, he announced that he had a message from THE KING, "signed by His Majesty's own hand." With more bows, he carried it to the Chair, and Mr. Speaker read out the message.

It was to the effect that His Majesty wished the faithful Commons to consider the allowances to be made to Princess ELIZABETH and her husband, on their marriage, but that, because of the nation's difficulties, he would make his own arrangements for a time, so that no extra burden should fall for the present on public funds. The money would come from savings on the Civil List made during the war.

This generous gesture gained a roar of cheers from all parts of the House,

and Mr. MORRISON announced that he would move the setting up of a Select Committee to consider THE KING's message.

Then Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, rose to move his Bill to equalize the rates of Britain. This took a long time, but several Members, with expressions of

earnest determination on their faces, sat it out. With even greater doggedness they listened to the complicated formulæ by which the equalization process is to be brought about. Fewer seemed to understand these, in spite of Mr. BEVAN's careful explanation. However, as always, it will probably be all right on the night, so the House was content to leave it to the Civil Service "producers."

**WEDNESDAY, November 19th.**—Warmly acknowledging THE KING's "characteristic thoughtfulness" for the people's troubles in offering to give money from Civil List savings towards the incomes of his daughter and son-in-law, the House of Commons set up a Select Committee to consider THE KING's message.

The Prime Minister, Mr. CHURCHILL, Mr. EDEN, Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD, and Miss MARGARET COLEMAN (who once declined a royal invitation, on the ground that it meant she must wear a hat) are to be among the members of the Committee.

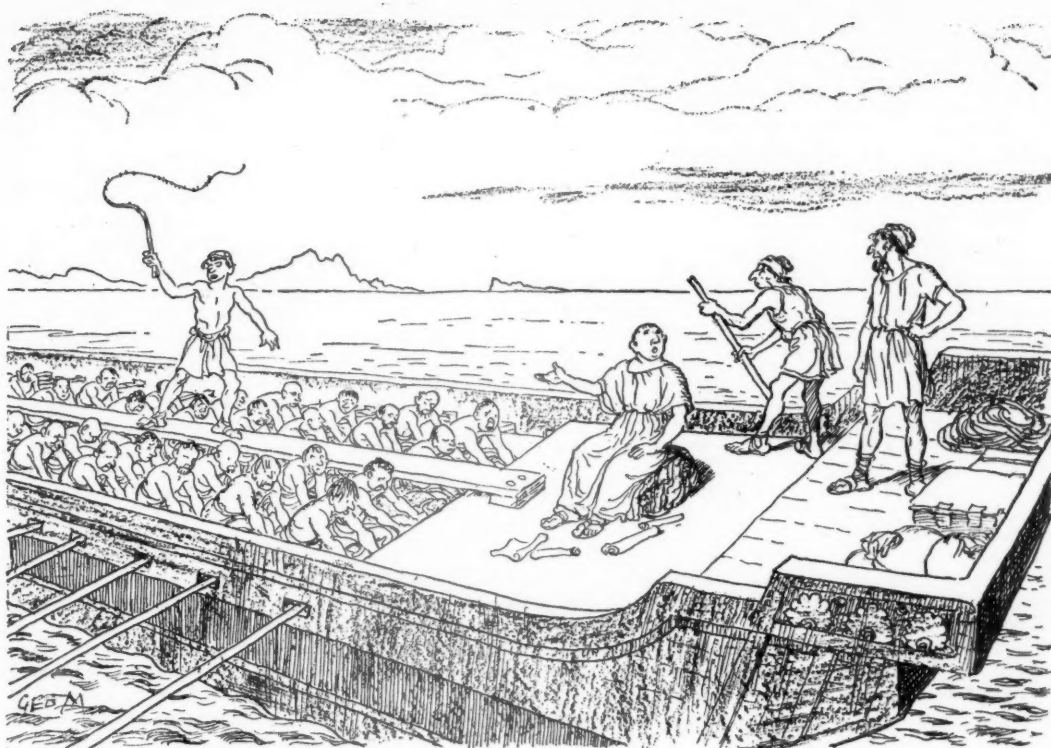
Then the House went on to talk about the direction of labour, and the words "spiv, drone, butterfly, cel"—all used in their modern connotations—dominated the debate.

Sir DAVID MAXWELL-FYFE moved that Regulation 58a be rescinded, arguing that its existence meant that Britain became a slave state, subject to industrial conscription. "We," rapped Sir DAVID, to the ringing cheers of his Conservative friends, "want to stop that!"

Showing a considerable degree of the foresight which he accused the Government of lacking, Sir DAVID added that he and his friends would be voted down in the House, but would not be voted down in the country.

Mr. SIDNEY SILVERMAN, from the Government front bench (but below the Gangway), described this attack as "thoroughly mischievous," and Mr. QUINTIN HOGG then entered the lists.

He roundly declared that he hated the regulation with every fibre of his being, and that he would be glad to go to prison on the matter, with or without those who refused to be directed by the Minister. He himself



*"Do you find that most of them are genuinely fond of their work?"*

would certainly refuse to obey a direction order.

Mr. GEORGE ISAACS, the Minister of Labour, apparently overlooking a ruling by Mr. Speaker yesterday that M.P.s are not above the law, remarked a thought wistfully that he wished there were some means of testing Mr. Hogg's sincerity, whereupon Mr. HOGG invited him to issue a direction order against him forthwith—and to see what happened.

Mr. ISAACS was non-committal on this, and Mr. HOGG remarked that he, personally, would rather see the country go down in dust and ruin than continue a system of slavery.

The Minister retorted that he had had to sweep the snow from the streets of Finsbury, in boots that leaked. Before the House had time to work out the relevance of this, he added that the power of direction would be kept in the background, and, if used at all, would be used with care, courtesy and decency.

This assurance did not dispose of the critics, and the debate went on for a long time. But in the end Sir DAVID'S

prognostication about the result proved entirely accurate.

**THURSDAY, November 20th.**—

Nobody mentioned an event in "another place" which was reported to have happened to-day, but Mr. HERBERT MORRISON was so perfect sartorially (white heather and all) when

he entered the House of Commons that everybody guessed *something* had happened. Several of the Ministers, and Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, had the same Savile Row air.

Main interest was not inside the House (where highly technical business relating to Regulations was under debate), but in the streets of Westminster, where Princess ELIZABETH and her husband, Prince PHILIP, Duke of EDINBURGH, were passing by on the way to their honeymoon abode.

The event seemed to have an effect on the House. There were more smiles and fewer rough words than there have been for a very long time.



#### Impressions of Parliamentarians

23. Mr. S. S. Silverman (Nelson and Colne)

#### Coincidence

"The Clay Pigeon Shoot on Saturday afternoon, August 19th, was a very happy affair. Owing to counter attractions the attendance was not all we had wished. At present I have not heard the financial result from the Secretaries. The Cup was won by Mr. Townshend, of Camelford, who had kindly consented to come and act as umpire."—*From a parish magazine.*

## The Cosmic Mess

THIS column, this week, must begin with this grovel. An unsolicited grovel—for none of this column's uncountable readers has complained. But two weeks ago this column made a bloomer when suggesting new "words of enactment" for any Bills bull-dozed through the Lords under the Parliament Act, or the new Parliament Bill, when an Act. The Lords, since 1911, have not been allowed to amend a Money Bill. They can only pass it on to His Majesty. Yet in the enacting paragraph of a Finance Bill you may still read the words:

*"by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal".*

And, if the Commons decided to increase their salaries to £5,000 a year, those words, presumably, would still be printed at the head of the Bill.

This column, after a too hasty re-reading of the Parliament Act, 1911, rashly supposed that those words were to be left unaltered, whatever happened. It missed Section 4. Section 4 provides that at the head of a bull-dozed Bill there shall be new "words of enactment":

*"Be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, in accordance with the provisions of the Parliament Act, 1911, and by authority of the same, as follows:"*

That, to this column, seems pretty anæmic and shame-faced; and this column still prefers its proposed amendment:

*"Be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, against the advice and without the consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, but by and with the advice and consent of the Commons, and by the authority of two of the same, as follows:"*

That, this column feels, would be a more frank and fitting label for any "forcible feeding" measure in the Statute Book. It would remind the reader of the ancient formula which has endured for so many centuries. How many centuries? Well, this column has traced it back to the 1660's, but there the book stopped: and it is ignorantly unable to tell you when the formula began.

Moreover, it erroneously supposed that the Parliamentary draftsmen (who are pretty smart fellows) had missed the point altogether. Hence this grovel.

\* \* \* \* \*

This column sends grateful salutes to two veteran Parliament men who

have written to it about the question: "Why do Members of the House of Commons always refer to the House of Lords as 'another place'—and vice, as we say, *versa*?" This column's instinct seems, here, to have been sound: for both the veterans condemn the practice. "It is", says one, "a senseless expansion of the ancient custom. That custom applies only to what is said in debate in either House. There was an old and, I think, salutary rule forbidding Members of either House to answer or otherwise notice what was said in debate in the other House. This, in strict rigidity, was found inconvenient, so—English fashion—a veiled evasion was tolerated. A Member might speak of what had been said 'in another place'—provided, I think, that he did not carry it so far as to transgress the substance of the old rule and make a systematic answer to a speech in the other House. But the phrase ought never to be applied to the other House as a body or to any corporate act or proceeding. That is a foolish extension to be abhorred of all faithful Parliamentarians."

The other veteran puts it in a slightly different way, but comes to the same conclusion. He says, "The position is that it is not in order for a Member of the House of Commons to criticize the conduct of the Lords, and contrary to the custom of the House of Lords (which has no rule of Order) for a peer to criticize that of the Commons... What has happened is that Members of both Houses, having on various

occasions heard the phrase 'another place' used, have come to the conclusion that there is some taboo on the straightforward use of the words 'House of Commons' or 'House of Lords'... like words the use of which is avoided in polite mixed society. But this is quite wrong..." Young Members, and fledgling Lords, please note.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Oliver Stanley, in a brilliant speech on the Budget, said, "I do not suppose there are many people in this House who feel any objection in principle to a tax on betting, as long as it is practicable and brings in a worthwhile amount". That may be so to-day. It looks like it. Members everywhere cry "Why not more?" Some, even, are heard to say "Why not a Lottery?" But what a change! Twelve years ago, when this column began to mutter about such things, it was frowned on, jumped on, stamped on, talked out, counted out, and laughed at. Bishops, bookmakers, sporting men and spiritual men went up into the air together. In April 1939, this column sees, it finished a speech with these queer words: "If I am given a free hand by His Majesty's Government I will undertake to get that Bill through" (a Betting and Bookmakers Bill), "and make it a foundation upon which in a normal year they can get £20,000,000 of revenue; and, as the monkey said to the Bishop, 'I can't say fairer than that.'" And now His Majesty's Government propose to raise £15,000,000—without touching the bookmakers at all! What will they get when they do?

The Entertainments Tax on the "living theatre", by the way, yields only £5,000,000 and a bit. So—who knows?—one day we may be rid of that.

The most attractive lottery suggestion which has come this column's way would link the lottery principle with the payment of income-tax—a sort of Income Tax Pool. Income-tax receipts would be numbered, this column supposes, and certain numbers would win prizes. But the payment would have to be within, say, three weeks of the first demand, to win a prize: so there would be an incentive to prompt payment. And the prizes would be in proportion to the tax paid, so there would be an incentive to vigorous earning. You might see citizens now outside the income-tax area struggling to get into it: you might see business





men imploring the inspector to reduce their expenses allowance; you might see literary men smiling happily and hopefully as they signed their cheques. You might— The possibilities are endless. One of the uncountable readers is working out the details, which will be sent to the Treasury with this column's love.

A few words on the great Dogs v. Horses battle, over which there hangs a fog. The object of the new taxes is to stop, or mop-up, undesirable spending: and, say the dog-world, not surprisingly, from that point of view, it cannot matter much which quadruped the citizen is betting about. "But", said Mr. Dalton, "the horse-totes are owned by the Race Course Betting Control Board and are not run, as the dog-totes are, for private profit—a very important distinction. The amount, about 10 per cent., which they already deduct from the sum staked, is devoted, after payment of expenses, to the improvement of horse-breeding; and I am advised by my right hon. friend the Minister of Agriculture that good horses are good exports." (*Hansard*, 12 November—Column 408.) He might have added, perhaps, that there would not be much in the horse-tote for the Revenue. For while, in total

volume, horse-betting much exceeds dog-speculation, much more goes through the dog-tote than the horse-tote—the figures are about £200,000,000 and £14,000,000.

The Friends of the Dog, on the other hand, tartly observe that the export of horses is not in fact a very important pillar in the temple of trade. And they add that the Dog World "have arranged to finance a £70,000 Canine Research Station which will benefit every breed of dog in the country".

Well, there you are. If you bet on a horse through the tote you will be part of the "export drive": if you bet on a dog through the tote you will be a low character but contribute to the Exchequer. If you bet on either animal through a bookie, you will be a low character merely—but you may get better odds. Is all clear now?

A. P. H.

#### A Clear Field

"The person who altered examination papers at the Church of England School in Highbridge, Somerset, has been traced, said Mr. Tomlinson, Minister of Education, yesterday.

"Mr. Tomlinson told the Commons: 'He has been removed from a position in which nothing of the sort can happen again.'"—*Daily paper*.

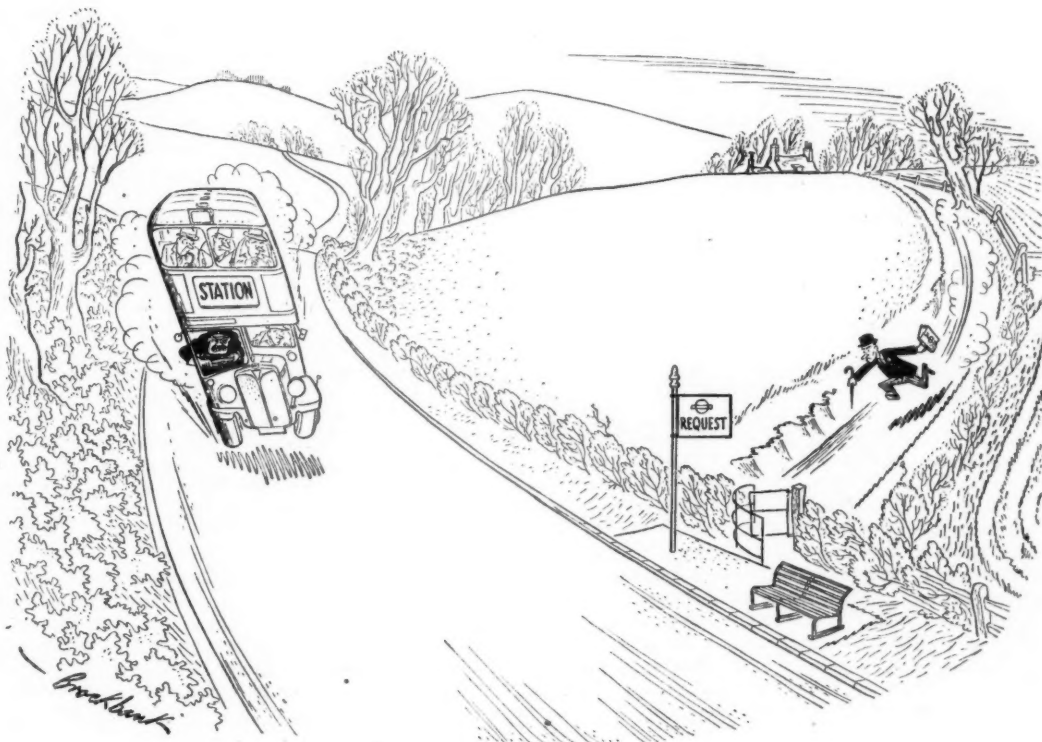
## The Play

I WROTE a prologue, but I wrote no play;  
I hired the actors, but I found no stage.  
There was an audience that did not pay,  
There was a band that I did not engage.

An aged dresser came, but no one dressed;  
There was a curtain, but it did not rise;  
The critics would, no doubt, have been impressed  
If there had been a play to criticize.

The stage, if there had been a stage, was set,  
When this fine play that was about to start  
Decided that it was not written yet  
And went away to learn itself by heart.

While I went down the street to buy some ink  
For something; but for what I cannot think.



THE slings and arrows of *Outrageous Fortune*, at the Winter Garden, are fashioned by the practised hand of Mr. BEN TRAVERS and find accommodating targets in the engaging persons of Mr. RALPH LYNN and Mr. ROBERTSON HARE. All three are in fine fettle, and though there have been Travers farces which have caused me sharper intramuscular agonies and have also distributed the fun more evenly among the company, this new one should play a useful part in preserving the sanity of hard-pressed citizens during the coming winter. It is refreshingly not the kind of farce in which the steady slamming of bedroom and bathroom doors points the pattern of inanity, and it bears all the marks of a job hand-made to fit the peculiarities of Mr. LYNN and Mr. HARE. The inheritance of an estate, belonging to an undisciplined old gentleman, is at stake, one of the heirs being Mr. LYNN and the other a nervous young body, played divertingly by Miss JOAN LANG, with whom Mr. HARE is tenuously united; and things are not made easier by the dotard's whims or by the fact that he is in the clutches of as ebony a pair of black market agents as you could discover in any ten square yards of Old Compton Street. The cupboard under the stairs of the manor, traditionally dedicated to the carpet-sweeper, teems with assorted coupons, and—well, you can guess the rest. A tendency to sleight-of-hand now afflicts Mr. LYNN, who even removes the whistles of the constabulary under their very moustaches, his classical features overspread with the professional abstraction of the old lag. He may be said to follow closely the methods of the multiple portrait booth, for he is by turns masterful, innocently amused, grave, spiritually winded and flatly imbecile. He is exceedingly funny, and to his kaleidoscopic display of expression Mr. HARE's uneasy solemnity makes a happy counterpart. The latter's vocabulary continues curious, and as usual he tempers fiery courage with unfailing discretion. The best scene, I think, is the interrogation at the police station,

## At the Play

*Outrageous Fortune* (WINTER GARDEN)—... Said the Spider (EMBASSY)—*The Infernal Machine* (CAMBRIDGE THEATRE GROUP)

but certainly no mean moment is when, fugitives from justice, Mr. LYNN dresses up as the old gentleman and Mr. HARE becomes his pretty nurse. Or rather, becomes his nurse. Miss ENID LOWE and Mr. MARTIN CASE get good marks as the villains of the piece, and its gambols are neatly co-ordinated by Mr. CHARLES HICKMAN.



[... Said the Spider

### THE HUNTED HOUSE AT BAY

Reginald Wensley . . . . .	MR. KENETH KENT
Sir James Mannering . . . . .	MR. PATRICK WADDINGTON
Bill Mallet . . . . .	MR. MACKENZIE WARD
Lady Mary Mannering . . . . .	MISS VICTORIA HOPPER
John Barry . . . . .	MR. JOHN STUART

If you like the Whodunit type of thriller, embellished with some quite amusing talk and a copious flow of mystery, . . . *Said the Spider* is just worth a visit to the Embassy, though I think you will find the improbabilities lie too thickly after about the middle of the second act.

Mr. REGINALD LONG has created two good characters in a pistol-packing reporter taken by that notable card, Mr. MACKENZIE WARD, and a purring pussy-cat of a wealthy dilettante, played with the smoothest felinity by Mr. KENETH KENT, who entices his *bêles noires* to a lonely house in Cornwall and there takes a

theatrical revenge with a Gestapo drug which combines in its effects confession with strip-tease. The house is packed with art treasures and the drawing-room has electrified steel doors to make things more exciting for intruders, such as us. Altogether it is not a place to be shut into with anyone as unbalanced as Mr. Wensley, nor with anyone as uncompromising as the unknown who has battered his caretaker to death. "Odd, but tense," seemed to be the common verdict after the first curtain, when there was no telling at all what turn the play would take next; but although the author kept us guessing most of the time our interest evaporated during the third act, mainly, I think, because the means had grown more mechanical than convincing. One wondered why an inspector should arrive on an important mission alone, one wondered why Wensley should take the drug himself, instead of just pretending. One was driven to wonder too much. Miss VICTORIA HOPPER, Mr. JOHN STUART and Mr. PATRICK WADDINGTON acted soundly in very narcotic circumstances.

I am afraid there was not a great deal to be said for the Cambridge Theatre Group's presentation of M. JEAN COCTEAU's *Œdipus* play, *The Infernal Machine*, except that the dresses, by Mr. MICHAEL DAVIS, were good and most of the cast spoke well. Little help came from an inept translation, which, for instance, made *Jocasta* address her soldiers in the manner of a musical comedy queen as "Dear boys!" and actually refined honest sweat into perspiration, as if it were an advertisement for soap. The production, which was constantly too slow, was accompanied by lugubrious music of the Japanese-fiddle-cum-tom-tom variety.

Mr. MICHAEL BISHOP made something of *Œdipus*, especially in the scene with the Sphinx, to whom Miss CATHEEN WEYMOUTH gave a certain compulsion. But quite clearly the play even in happier form would tax the most accomplished of professionals.

ERIC.

## Goings-On in Greece

**T**O the Modern Greek everyone is either a Monarcho-Fascist, an Anarcho-Communist, or both. To the unbiased observer (this category does not include any Greeks), however, there do appear to be a few people and a large number of political parties of the centre. Roughly speaking, the Government of the country may be said to be a Hatarchy, the whole thing working out something like this:

If you wear a Top Hat you are a Monarcho-Fascist;

If you wear a Bowler you are a Pluto-Democrat;

If you wear an Anthony Eden you are a Capitalo-Reactionary;

If you wear a Slouch Hat you are a Bourgeois-Republican;

If you wear a Green Pork-Pie you are a Petit-Bourgeois-Socialist;

If you wear a Cloth Cap you are an Anarcho-Communist;

If you wear a Cricket Cap you are a Sportivo-Philistine;

If you wear a Sun Helmet you are a Filthy Imperialist.

Alternatively, of course, if you wear a black Homburg you are probably my old friend Bingo, an assistant archivist in His Britannic Majesty's Embassy in Athens. If you wear a khaki beret you are probably my old friend Pongo, one of the British troops whose presence in Greece is periodically discussed by United Nations. And, finally, if you don't wear a hat at all you are probably my old friend Sambo, an idiot archaeologist excavating remains in Ithaca.

Against this background the Grecian problem should be easily intelligible to one and all—before, of course, being distorted into utter unintelligibility once more by the latest *démarche* of Mr. Molotov.

## Publisher to Author

RECTO & VERSO, LTD.,  
PUBLISHERS,  
LONDON, W.C.1.

Percy Flage, Esq., Book End, Herts.

**D**EAR MR. FLAGE,—Thank you for so promptly returning the proofs of your book, *I Think I Know*.

We have been in communication with our head printer regarding your complaint that three different sorts of capital I have been used—I in the early chapters, I in the middle

chapters, and I in the concluding chapters and appendices.

As you remark, uniformity is most desirable, but our printers point out that the supply of capital I's is insufficient to meet the present high rate of consumption, and until happier conditions prevail it will be necessary to use existing stocks to the best advantage.

We note your comment that I suggests brawn rather than brain, and hasten to assure you that no slight upon your good self was intended by our printers. They have submitted specimens of the following available alternatives, and perhaps you would be good enough to state your preference:

9 I J I I I I

Our printers also have five thousand slightly-worn I's which were purchased some two years ago for a book in the Turkish language. A capital I with a dot on top is admittedly unusual in this country, but you may find that

this somewhat bizarre version suits your personality, and pending your reply the entire stock has been reserved for you.

Yours faithfully,  
p.p. RECTO & VERSO, LTD.,  
A. PAGE.

## "Cobbler, Cobbler," Up to Date

**C**OBBLER, Cobbler, mend my shoe,  
And get it done by half-past two."

"Done by half-past two *to-day*?  
That's a crazy thing to say.  
Far behind the times you be;  
It won't be done by half-past three.  
And let me tell you, furthermore,  
It won't be done by half-past four.  
Nor is it any use to fix  
Your hopes on half-past five or six.  
You'd best resign yourself to wait  
Till April nineteen forty-eight."

A. W. B.



"Well, hurry up and make your choice."





"The next question is from Stoker L. R. Thompson, who asks for the date of the Great Fire of London."

### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Rosignols de la Boue

THE Surrealist Revolution is said to be "anti-bourgeois, anti-literary and strongly aggressive"; but no one seems to know what it means to do with the rubble of the universe when it has done with the dynamite. For an anti-literary revolution it has produced a surprising amount of poetry—some real and some, so to speak, sur-real; and *A Mirror for French Poetry, 1840-1940* (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6), contains more of both kinds than of anything else. Let no one, however, fail to buy CECILY MACKWORTH's book on this account. Her preface and biographical notes are invaluable and her sixty-eight French poems are translated by English poets, genuine or *soi-disant*. Creations in their own right, the translations are apt to take liberties with their accompanying texts, are not very helpful as cribs and are seldom impressive in themselves. But Flecker pairs off harmoniously with Baudelaire. Arthur Symonds, who coped so superbly with D'Annunzio, is a perfect choice for Verlaine. Claudel, who prides himself on his English affinities, comes off badly—but then he is "a reactionary." Seeing that the finest social dynamite is humour, it is odd to find only one echo of La Fontaine, a delightful "Fable" by Alfred Jarry.

H. P. E.

#### William Cobbett

It is satisfactory to have a new edition of Mr. G. D. H. COLE's *Life of William Cobbett* (HOME AND VAN THAL, 16/-), which was first published in 1924. Since 1924 there has been a cult of Cobbett, marked by the exaggeration and false sentiment inseparable from cults and having as its

natural effect the creation of a certain distaste for its victim. Mr. COLE is not a Cobbett devotee, but a sane admirer, whose clear, sympathetic and well-balanced account of Cobbett exhibits him as a man, not a myth. Mr. COLE sums him up as "perhaps the only English peasant who, keeping the outlook of a peasant, has made himself complete master of the art of political writing." Cobbett was typically English in his dislike of abstract ideas. He could learn only from personal experience, which Mr. COLE appears to regard as a limitation. The extent to which it is a limitation depends, however, on the man. Cobbett was not widely or deeply imaginative. A vigorous and warm-hearted man, he lived in the moment, and in his youth defended everything he later attacked, upholding the established order because, as an Englishman, he instinctively reacted against the menace to his country of the French Revolution. Later, when he saw that industrialism was laying waste the agricultural England he loved, he changed his standpoint and, though he did not understand the problems of the new age, a great inspirer of all who since his day have grappled with them in the interests of the working classes.

H. K.

#### Okies All

Despite its staccato touch and somewhat haphazard composition, *The Cherokee Strip* (PHENIX HOUSE, 12/6) is well worth reading. This chronicle of an Oklahoma boyhood was compiled in response to a little girl's considered verdict that the stories Mr. MARQUIS JAMES told were much better than the books he wrote. He starts off, therefore, with a lawyer Papa who staked his claim at the age of forty-eight in frontier territory, neighbours who remembered wearing their hair long in defiance of Indians who preferred their scalps shaggy, and a schooling pleasantly mitigated by killing rattlesnakes at a cent a head. The social note of the "old timers" was a vivid spirit of competition. North Enid, for instance, by-passed in the march of progress, treated the passengers and rolling stock of the South Enid Railway to bullets and dynamite. But things simmered down after the War of Secession when "Rebs" and "Yanks" combined to chase "bushwhackers." As for the future Pulitzer Prizeman, he pursued his education mainly at his own expense. He bottles soda-water as a prelude to higher studies; but just as he begins to soar is brought to earth by his father's insolvent death. The moral of this richly diversified book is that it pays, certainly in character and possibly in attainment, to have the odds against you.

H. P. E.

#### Mr. A. L. Rowse

In the panegyric on himself with which Mr. A. L. ROWSE prefaces *The End of an Epoch* (MACMILLAN, 15/-) the complacency that to some extent spoils his otherwise excellent autobiography, "A Cornish Childhood," has swollen to quite immoderate proportions. *The End of an Epoch* is a collection of political articles written during the last fifteen years. Mr. ROWSE is a capable political journalist with a vigorous style, which is at its most trenchant when he is attacking anything or anyone who is out of favour—Chamberlainism in June 1940 and Lord Baldwin in 1941. As evidence of his political foresight he can claim that, like thousands of others, he mistrusted Nazism from the first; but it is only quite recently that he has managed to perceive the equally valid grounds for mistrusting Communism, a flash of insight which he throws into relief with italics: "*Communist totalitarianism does not show either in its theory or (still less) in its practice that basic respect for individual human life or for the necessary freedom for its self-expression*"

that I regard as the keynote of Western civilization." Yet after taking all this time to get totalitarianism into focus, he pictures himself in his introduction as a prophet whose consistency of judgment and clear estimation of the future "may be read on page after page, year after year." Re-reading these inspired pages, he asks himself why they were of no avail, and consoles himself with the reflection that Mr. Churchill was unheeded too.

H. K.

### The Man Who Had to Chase Himself

When we consider the great army, constantly recruited, of cool and resourceful men and women crouched before their typewriters all over the globe with murder in their hearts, it is astonishing that any territory remains to be explored in the field of detection. Yet Mr. KENNETH FEARING has broken fresh ground, so far as we know, with a beautifully simple idea. *The Big Clock* (BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) is another American story with a great chain of magazines as background, like "Stranger than Truth," reviewed here recently. The owner of the chain, having murdered his mistress, realizes that a single stranger must know the truth, since he was seen by him to enter her flat. Under cover of a political story he assigns the job of tracking him to his brightest investigator—who is the stranger. Given *carte blanche* with men and money, he is in no doubt that recognition will mean death from his ruthless master. This is not a guessing book, except as to what may be the end of the hunt; all the cards are on the table, and the mounting excitement springs from the man's extraordinary predicament and from the way the net of his own reluctant devising closes inexorably on him in spite of all his efforts to escape it. The development of the story, about which there is nothing far-fetched, is extremely dramatic, and the chief characters emerge vividly from the chapters each contributes in the first person. The writing has the terseness of a cablegram. A top-notch thriller.

E. O. D. K.

### West to East

From time to time certain Englishmen like Doughty and Lawrence and Yeats-Brown, besides others who have won no fame, turn from their native paths to study Eastern ways of thought and to win peace. R. V. C. BODLEY is another of them. He has written a book about the Arabs, another about Mohammed, and now, in *The Quest* (ROBERT HALE, 15/-), he gives us the story of his travels in Java, China, Japan and Manchuria. Naturally, he had a good many adventures, ran the risk of being kidnapped by bandits and was shipwrecked; but his theme is not eventful, for he discusses thought and the reasons for deeds at greater length than the happenings. At first, and in spite of the foreword in which the author says his purpose is "to have Occidentals understand Orientals" because he believes it is the only assurance of world peace, one inclines to fear that the book is going to be tiresome and priggish and introspective, but it soon proves itself. Nobody can tell a better story against himself. When the ship in which he was passenger ran on to a reef he "had no idea that Britain was now going to show Japan how to behave in moments of peril," but, after orders were given to abandon ship, the chief steward complied with the regulations that all passengers should be presented with their accounts before leaving, and handed the bar bills down into the boats. This is a book that makes us feel, at any rate, that we too understand Eastern thought more than we could have believed possible—a book that informs and sickens and entertains.

B. E. B.

### André Gide

*The Journals of André Gide*, Volume I, 1889-1913, translated with an introduction and notes by JUSTIN O'BRIEN (SECKER AND WARBURG, 25/-), combine self-analysis, notes on ethics and descriptions of the Parisian literary scene in a fascinating hotch-potch, an immensely readable mixture of St. Augustine, Montaigne and Arnold Bennett. The variety of the writing is astonishing. Gide can do anything with words, and ranges from descriptions of travel and society to analyses of the deepest conflicts in the human mind. His blinding perceptions of the nature of the artist and of the relation of freedom and limitation are never built into a consistent system. He is an artist, not a philosopher. His subtle, active, unquiet mind is stimulating but never imposes its purely provisional conclusions. He is always dodging his disciples. They plod up to his last resting-place to find him in the distance, silhouetted on the skyline, his footsteps already faded from the sand. He has been a dangerous intoxicant for Europe, especially for the young, to whom he particularly addresses himself; but he always provides the morning after as well as the night before. If he does not doubt his own doubt, he rebels against his own rebellion. As Gide becomes more of a celebrity the later pages are increasingly occupied with gossip, but after all gossip is one of the minor arts, and this is very good gossip indeed. This translation of a modern classic seems workmanlike and the introduction and notes are discreet and valuable.

R. G. G. P.

AN attractive magazine for women, called *She*, is published by Odhams Press at 3/6. Colour is most effectively used and the numerous articles are all on subjects of particular interest to women. All the profits of this publication are to be devoted to the Printers' Pension Corporation, which exists to provide protection for printers and their families who are in need of help.



Webdale

"Come, come, dear—the gentleman hasn't got all day."



"Yes, hasn't it been a year? And now we're threatened with nineteen-forty-eight!"

## Out of the Blue

JAMES was afraid he couldn't join us in the country until Friday night. It was his painful duty to look in for a short time on a friend who was getting married next day. We told him he would find the key under the third brick to the east of the scraper. In the morning he crept down to breakfast making praiseworthy efforts to balance himself on a tight-rope invisible to the unpoached eye.

"Good party?" I asked, shouting because of an aircraft overhead.

"Good?" he muttered. "I think it was adequate. What an infernal imposition those things are. I wouldn't fly for all the tea in China."

As we drank our coffee we watched a young man walking up the path. He was a fine, upright young fellow with pink cheeks and a moustache that swept round to his ears. He asked for James. He got James, who regarded him with the utmost blankness. He announced cheerfully that his name was MacPlectrum, that he was as good

as his word, and that the old girl was waiting outside. James gripped the hall table and shut his eyes.

"Won't you bring her in?" I said.

"Jolly good!" laughed MacPlectrum, heartily. "I hope you'll come with us, sir? After what your cousin told me last night about your balloon trip to Siberia, I'll bet this is just up your runway."

He led us, speechless, to the paddock. There, looking exactly like a large grasshopper, sat a beautiful shiny helicopter.

"Smashing, isn't she?" he asked, beaming through his whiskers. "Goes up and down just like a lift. Only much quicker."

"Some other time it would be delightful," said James, who had gone a very ugly colour, "but just now I'm expecting a long-distance call, a very long-distance call, actually it's from Peru—"

"Never mind his modesty," I told MacPlectrum. "He just can't believe you really want to take him." I

gripped James by the collar and shot him into one of the arm-chairs in the small conservatory in front. I followed. So did MacPlectrum. He made a few passes over the handlebars, and in a moment the whole grasshopper came to life.

"Anywhere special?" he asked.

James gave a sigh of resignation.

"Oh, let's have a close-up of Nelson," he said, gloomily.

"Naval type in Trafalgar Square?"

"Yes, that one."

"Whango!" cried MacPlectrum. Our ascent was much as he had predicted. Then we began to windmill towards the Wen. It was just as dull as any other sort of flying except that the well-being of the rotor occupied one's thoughts, instead of that of the propeller.

"Must have been a wizard party in Russia," said MacPlectrum, turning to me. "What did you do about gas?"

"We had it sent in gold-beaters' skins from Vladivostok."



"Fancy nearly pranging the Kremlin!"

"Sometimes I wish we had," I said. "But it was nothing, really. You must get my cousin to tell you how he failed to swim the Behring Straits."

"Hot dog!" cried MacPlectrum. James launched a savage kick at me, but only succeeded in getting his foot tangled up with the controls. For a nasty second we stood on our heads.

"Pocket," explained MacPlectrum. "That penitentiary on the right," said James, hastily changing the subject, "that's where my education was tampered with. Pity we haven't a bucket of vitriol for the head man."

When MacPlectrum laughed his helicopter rose and fell sympathetically in the sky. He now turned to James with as serious an expression as his buxom features could easily accommodate.

"Think your colleagues might really like one of these?"

"My colleagues?" James repeated vaguely. "Ah, yes. I should think it's just their cup of tea. I presume it'll stay up for twenty-four hours and take off from alluvial mud?"

"Have a heart!" cried MacPlectrum.

"What kind of work is it?"

James looked mysterious. "Under the hat, old boy. Big stuff. Even I don't know the half of it."

"Here's Nelson," I said quickly. "Coming up to port."

Poor MacPlectrum, who appeared very dashed, brightened at the opportunity to demonstrate. He pulled up smartly a few feet from the Admiral and moored in the empty air.

"Not a word about his pension, boys," James whispered. "It wouldn't be the thing at all."

"Doesn't he look browned off?" I said.

"So would you if you lived on a ruddy pillar breathing bus fumes."

"They might have given him a tankard to hold or the racing edition or something to keep him cheerful."

"Let's see if the House of Commons is still standing," James suggested. We swept low down Whitehall, catching unusual glimpses of men sleeping like little children at desks thick-strewn with paper. On the Terrace of the House a solitary fat man leaned over the balustrade, staring mournfully at the mud. James became very excited.

"Go right down! It's Bert! It's my Member!"

As we drew level he flung aside the window.

"Bert!" he yelled. "Bert, you double-dyed old scorpion! How about asking us in?"

At that moment the current from the rotor blew the fat man's hat into the Thames, and he looked up.

"Away, MacPlectrum, away!" James urged.

"He isn't very pleased," I said.

"He isn't my Member."

MacPlectrum drew us powerfully up into the welkin. The exercise was too severe for James. Life seemed almost to leave him.

"If you've the compassion of a scollop," he moaned, "please put me down. At the most we have a minute in hand."

"Tricky work," observed MacPlectrum doubtfully. I glanced hurriedly round London.

"There!" I shouted, and I pointed to a large flat roof.

"Bang on!" cried the admirable MacPlectrum, and we were. The last we saw of James he was crawling purposefully towards a small trap-door.

"Wonder what it is," said MacPlectrum idly, as we took off again. "Looks like a mortuary."

"It's my favourite ladies' club," I told him. "They'll be very understanding." ERIC.



*"Sir, Reference your letter-bomb of the twenty-first . . ."*

## Street Notes from Paris

**W**E have been privileged to watch our fire-brigade in action. This is a privilege accorded to few: and our street made the most of it.

The first indication that the habitual serenity of Rue Chameau was about to be shattered came from Mme. Boulot, the proprietress of our *bistro*. This lady has a flair, much respected in the neighbourhood, for dire prediction; never a grave case of *la grippe*, an impending bankruptcy, or the disintegration of some respectable *ménage*, but Mme. Boulot has seen it coming weeks before the crisis.

It was therefore with agreeable concern that the patrons of her *bistro* saw her drop a glass of Bordeaux to the floor yesterday afternoon and rush to the door. This, we felt, could only mean a funeral, or at least an accident.

We were wrong.

"A fire!" shrieked Mme. Boulot. "*Mon Dieu*, a fire! And it will assuredly spread to this house." She threw her apron over her head.

"The insurance?" one of the patrons suggested courteously.

"The insurance?" Mme. Boulot wailed. "It will not cover one tenth of my property."

"Apropos," I said, "the fire of which you speak, it is near?"

My question was answered by a loud crackling noise and the entry of a thick cloud of smoke into the *bistro*.

Almost opposite, a small factory was well alight.

"It would perhaps be well," said another patron thoughtfully, "to make a telephonic appeal to the *sapeurs pompiers*."

This was done, and twenty minutes later the fire-engine arrived. M. le Chef dismounted, entered the *bistro* importantly, and ordered a "*fine à l'eau*." We waited respectfully. After a decent interval he surveyed us benignly and said: "One could perhaps indicate a hydrant in this street?"

During the animated discussion which followed, M. le Chef graciously accepted a second *fine à l'eau*. The factory was by this time burning steadily.

"M. le Chef," announced one of the discussion group, "unhappily one does not know of a hydrant in Rue Chameau."

M. le Chef pondered.

"It will then be necessary to extend the hose to the river," he said firmly. "*Au revoir*, messieurs, dames."

This was a man of action. We followed him reverently.

The next ten minutes were full of frenzied activity. The hose was dragged down to the river, and soon columns of water were shooting from every part of it except the nozzle. We retired to the *bistro*, confident that within half an hour the hose would be trained on the burning building.

But no. M. le Chef soon joined

us, absently accepted the proffered *fine à l'eau* and said to no one in particular: "Outside Number 87 there is a military vehicle belonging, without doubt, to the English Army."

I stood up, saluted, and said with quiet dignity: "M. le Chef, the vehicle is mine."

We shook hands and I ordered two *finés à l'eau*.

M. le Chef appeared slightly embarrassed.

"There is," he said, "a difficulty."

"A difficulty, M. le Chef, connected with the vehicle in question?"

He inclined his head gravely.

"It would appear that a section of hose has become entangled with the rear wheel of this vehicle."

"If perhaps I were to move the vehicle, M. le Chef?"

He breathed a sigh of relief and ordered two more *finés à l'eau*.

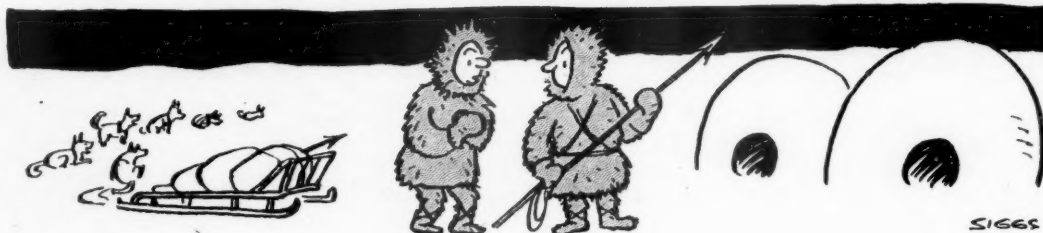
"My department would be infinitely grateful, M. le Colonel."

No procession up the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe could have been more stately than ours to my Humber Heavy Utility 4×4.

Five minutes later—my self-starter does not work—escorted by three *pompiers*, I backed the car out of Rue Chameau.

The factory burned effortlessly until shortly after midnight.

By that time I had ceased to care. I was gazing dully at Mme. Boulot's bill for twenty-seven *finés à l'eau*.



"There's quite a nip in the air this morning."

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

**Yes . . . say your feet**

When you choose—as a seasonal gift, for instance—a pair of Arch Preserver you step into shoes of perfect line and an amplitude of comfort which Arch Preserver, from their very conception, are designed to give.



Brannock  
fitted at  
**Manfields**  
shops

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD., 17.18 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1 (Wholesale only)

**THERE ARE SIX  
FOUR SQUARE  
TOBACCOS  
-EACH A BALANCED BLEND  
OF VINTAGE LEAF**

The tobacco illustrated is Four Square Ripe Brown—a balanced blend of empire-grown Virginia tobaccos, specially processed to a rich, dark colour and ready rubbed for the pipe. Ask for 'Four Square Brown.'



*Look!*

**KAYSER BONDOR**

the first word in *nylons*

## Austin makes NEWS



**Entirely new 'A40'  
sells for less than 'Ten'**

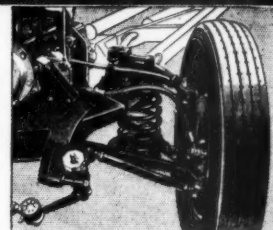
The new 'A40' Devon is built to an up-to-the-minute specification. It has a powerful 4-cylinder O.H.V. engine, independent front suspension, rear-opening doors for safety, to mention a few of the more important features. Yet—it costs £15 less than the famous 'Ten' which it replaces. This has only been made possible by reorganisation of production methods on the most efficient lines and is one more example of how Austin passes on to the motoring public the benefits of any saving that can be effected.

**DEVON 4-door £325**, plus £91.0.6 Tax  
**DORSET 2-door £315**, plus £88.5.0 Tax

Extras: Interior Heating £6 plus £1.13.4 P. Tax • Radio also available

**AUSTIN—you can depend on it!**

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO LTD • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM



The independent front suspension has coil springs and hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers.

**OTHER FEATURES OF THE ADVANCED SPECIFICATION**  
• Water pump and fan with thermostat control • By-pass engine oil filter • Cam gear steering • Rear anti-roll torsion bar • 12 volt electrical circuit • Interior heating • Bonnet lock controlled from inside car • Provision for built-in radio.



## how NEW is an electric cooker?

You can easily tell. Very latest models have a 'tap' control for the hot-plate. You can turn it up or down to just the heat needed for the particular pan and recipe—and simmer as you please. No boiling over—no burning! Can it be fitted to existing cookers? Yes—ask your Supply Showrooms about the **SIMMERSTAT**—there is no 'austerity' (supplies are good). Cost, 21/-, plus a few shillings for fitting.

THE 'ANY-HEAT' HOTPLATE CONTROL

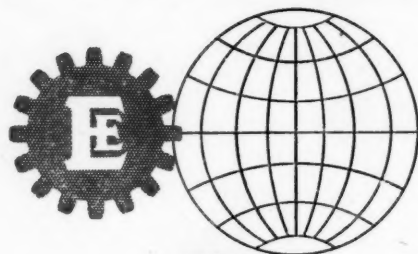


### SIMMERSTAT

Survic Controls Ltd., Stanhope House, Kean St., W.C.2

TAS/SMT 187

## A POWER BEHIND BRITAIN'S DRIVE



### THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY

Generating Plant for Steam, Water or Oil Power · Sub-Stations and Converting Plant · Transmission Systems, Transformers, Switchgear and Control · Electric Traction and Transport Industrial Electrification · Welding Equipment · Electrical Equipment for Marine Purposes · Domestic and Allied Appliances Aircraft and Aircraft Electrical Equipment.



The English Electric Company Ltd. Works at:  
Stafford, Preston, Rugby, Bradford, Liverpool.  
Registered Office:  
Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

## TAKES THE STRAIN

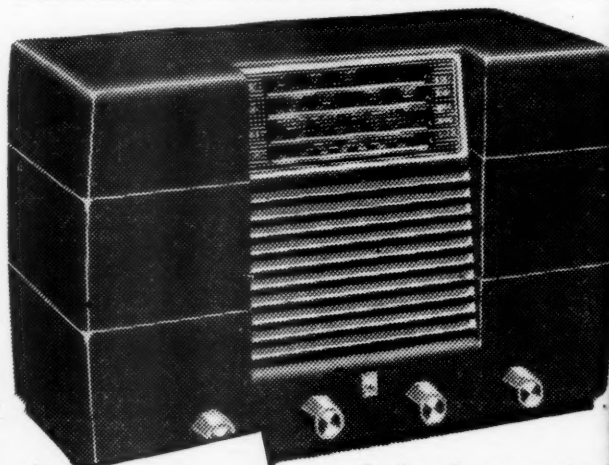
Who doesn't feel the strain to-day? The aftermath of the war years is reflected in the nervous conditions which are prevalent in people everywhere. 'SANATOGEN' Tonic

Wine is a restorative, combining the qualities of a rich full-bodied wine with the active tonic properties of 'SANATOGEN' Nerve Tonic Food.



## 'SANATOGEN' TONIC WINE

The word "SANATOGEN" is a Registered Trade Mark



Another  
**PHILCO**  
Winner  
**MODEL A547B**  
A.C. Mains

5-valve, all-wave superhet in dark brown plastic cabinet. Perfect tone, high selectivity and a host of other features which your Philco dealer will gladly demonstrate.

PRICE **19** GNS. Purchase Tax **£6.81**

PHILCO RADIO AND TELEVISION CORPN. OF GREAT BRITAIN LTD.

Sales Dept.: 204-206 Gt. Portland St. London, W.1

Service Dept.: Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex

## THE COMMON COLD

### —a plan for its prevention

Every year, many thousands of people successfully avoid colds with the help of Serocalcin. Its use, both in the prevention and treatment of the common cold, has given consistently satisfactory results. Serocalcin is not infallible, but its record is such that it merits a trial by everyone subject to colds.

#### Prevention of Colds.

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months immunity from colds.

#### Treatment of an existing Cold.

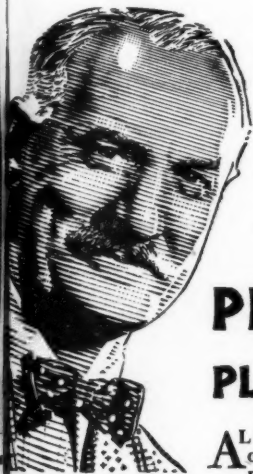
Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold this often clears up the attack in 3 to 4 days. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

Serocalcin is available in two sizes; 60 tablets for the immunising course and 20 for treatment.

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

## SEROCALCIN

FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF COLDS



## PEACE OF MIND AND PLENTY OF MONEY

ALL over the country there are thousands of men and women who enjoy the peace of mind which comes with relief from anxiety about money. They know that when they retire they will have sufficient money, secured by a Canada Life cheque every month, to do those things which they always wanted to do. They also enjoy the certain knowledge that, if they do not live to pension age, their dependants will receive an income instead. For details of the Plan which will secure a monthly cheque and Peace of Mind for you, fill in the coupon below.

The  
**Canada Life**  
INSURANCE COMPANY  
Est. 1847

Incorporated in Canada as a  
Limited Liability Company  
ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,  
LONDON, S.W.1

Mr., Mrs. or Miss. \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

How can I assure myself of an income of:—

£ \_\_\_\_\_ per month when I am aged \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_

P.B.4

When the people in  
the duplicating room  
say they can't do

any better—

call in

## RONEO

and do the job properly

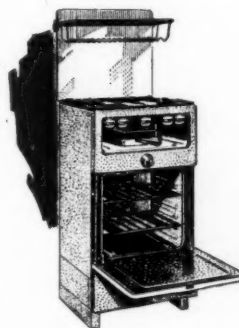
RONEO "500"

DUPLICATOR

RONEO LTD.

17 SOUTHAMPTON ROW,  
LONDON, W.C.1.  
TEL.: HOLBORN 7622  
WORKS:  
Romford, Essex

"I was lucky to get a  
Parkinson—with the  
DROP DOOR.  
I find it such a help..."



## PARKINSON

GAS COOKERS

The "CREST"—specially designed for Government Housing Schemes—incorporates all the well-known Parkinson features, including unique safety tap design, ample oven capacity and, of course, the exclusive Drop Door.

THE PARKINSON STOVE CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 9


# ROSS'S

BELFAST


GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER  
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE  
GRAPE FRUIT

Not just yet but we'll soon "say when"



What a  
difference  
in flavour!  
**Robertson's**  
**Jam**



Made by the Makers of  
'Golden Shred'

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LTD.  
Paisley, Manchester, Bristol, London.

For your  
**PRECISION**  
**JOBS...**



**Think in 'STEAD'**  
before you buy.

Much depends on these little pins — how glad we are to hear this — because we know a precision job is required. For over 40 years we have made pins for industry — in war we made precision pins on which lives depended — they had to be exact and the finish perfect. May we help YOU?

Phone: SHEFFIELD 22283 (4 lines). Codes: BENTLEY'S SECOND. Grams: "STEADFAST"

**J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2**

CAN YOU BEAT THE BAND? Not if it's the one on a King Six Cigar (1/6d. each).  
CROSSWORDS SOLVED . . . there's nothing like the quiet solace of a King Six Cigar (1/6d. each) to smooth my cross word.  
LIGHTING  
I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that my wife is not authorised to pledge my credit, except for the purchase of King Six Cigars (1/6d. each).  
each King Six Cigar  
A King Six Cigar every time by its unmistakably fine aroma. (1/6d. each).  
HOW TO BRIGHTEN a Brown Study — light up a King Six Cigar (1/6d. each).  
A GOOD AFTER DINNER SPEAKER always says "Have a King Six Cigar"

Meltis  
**New Berry Fruits**



PREMIERE  
RE-ISSUE

. . . now back to grace  
every exclusive occasion  
Supplies are limited, but ask any good confectioner for New Berry Fruits . . . still deliciously different.  
6 VARIETIES containing FRUIT LIQUEUR  
Gooseberry, Pear, Raspberry, Lemon, Grapefruit, Tangerine, 2 1/2 lb., 4 1/2 lb.  
MELTIS LTD., London and Bedford

15,000  
**NIFE**  
BATTERIES ON  
DUTY 10 YEARS

cost only **52!**

FOR REPAIRS

This was the actual experience of a Railway Company operating Nife Batteries under severe conditions. Nife is no ordinary battery. It is an Alkaline cell of all-steel construction, practically indestructible, free from corrosive fumes and cannot be damaged even by dead "shorting."

There is **MORE LIFE** in a **NIFE**

Now available for all purposes except private radio and private cars.

**NIFE BATTERIES LTD., REDDITCH, WORCS.**




**ELKINGTON**

Artists in Silver Plate since 1840





# MANSION POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM

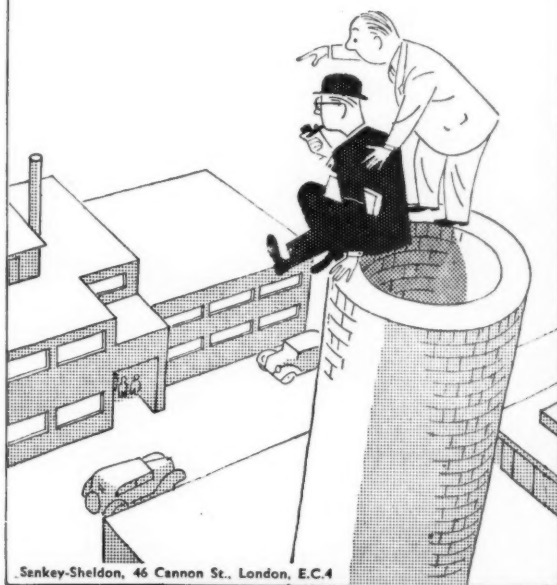
Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

"Noughts and crosses on my polished floor—what will you be up to next!"

"Don't worry, Mother—we'll soon make the floor as bright as ever again with a rub of 'Mansion'."

Use sparingly—still in short supply.

"THAT'S OUR NEW EXTENSION. ALL THE FURNITURE, PARTITIONS AND FITTINGS WILL BE STEEL BY **Sankey-Sheldon** OF COURSE"



Sankey-Sheldon, 46 Cannon St., London, E.C.4

Not too little..

not too much..



but just right IF IT'S  
**ERASMIC**  
SHAVING STICK  
THANKS TO ITS  
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER



ER 362C-96

THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.



## Figure Heads

Figure heads have been a feature of ships since the earliest times when they were intended to ward off evil spirits. Later, they were purely decorative and Ships' Masters took great pride in them. Famous clippers often wore a figure head said to represent the owner, his wife, or a friend.

THE  
**"THREE CASTLES"**  
CIGARETTES

20 for 3/8

MANUFACTURED BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

17220X

## WELL-KNOWN BRITISH HABITS



**Keeping our heads screwed  
on the right way . . . Falling  
on our feet in . . .**

*Wolsey*

**Underwear . . . and  
Cardinal Socks**

*Wolsey Ltd., Leicester*

# “Why I support the SILVER LINING Savings Campaign”

*by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery  
of Alamein, K.G., G.C.B., D.S.O.*

“We can only regain our wealth and position in the world by thrift, by savings, and by hard work . . . Shortage of material goods will not overcome us if we have spiritual reserves ; we must mobilise those reserves and create a spirit which will not admit frustration, but which will carry us forward, on a rising tide to Victory in the Battle of Reconstruction : as our spirit did in the late war . . . So I would ask people to save in the same way that they saved in the war years ; that is in thankfulness for the victory which has been granted to us, and in the knowledge that the present Silver Lining Campaign will play a vital part in the reconstruction and rebuilding of our country.”



*National Savings for Prosperity*

*Issued by the National Savings Committee*